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Poetry.

HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE.

'Tis a wearisome world, this world of ours,
With its tangles small and great,
Its weeds that smother the springing flowers,
And its hapless strifes with fate;
And the darkest day of its desolate days
Sees the help that comes too late.

Ah! woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear is too deaf to hear,
And woe for the lack to the fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer;
Ah! woe for the laggard feet that tread
In the mournful wake of the bier.

What booteth help when the heart is numb?
What booteth a broken spar
Of love thrown out when the lips are dumb
And life's bark drifteth far,
Oh! far and fast from the alien past,
Over the moaning bar?

A pitiful thing the gift to-day
That is dross and nothing worth,
Though if it had come but yesterday,
It had brimmed with sweet the earth—
A fading rose in a death cold hand,
That perished in want and dearth.

Who fain would help in this world of ours,
Where sorrowful steps must fall,
Bring help in time to the waning powers,
Ere the bier is spread with the pall,
Nor send reserves when the flags are furled,
And the dead beyond recall.

For baffling most in this weary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Its lonesome nights and its weary days,
And its struggles forlorn with fate,
Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in N. Y. Herald.

A TARNATION SITUATION.

Would it cause you consternation
If you knew the fascination,
All the mild intoxication
Of a glance so bright as thine?

Would you scorn my agitation,
And advise my navigation,
If you knew my adoration,
For a being so divine?

Tell me, oh you sweet creation,
Dare I excommunication
If I venture osculation,
On those lips like ruby wine?

If I kneel in mad prostration,
And in tearful desperation,
Wildly begged your approbation—
Begged you wholly to be mine;

Would you scorn my hazardation,
Or consent to change your station,
If you knew your heart's migration
Were the cause of saving mine?

Would you?—ah, my adoration
Finds at last a limitation,
And I pause in hesitation,
And the daring hope resign!

I can't hint my adoration,
With becoming illustration,
Such as suits my inclination,
But your papa draws the line;

Draws the line without cessation,
To the sweet interrogation,
Trembling in my heart's pulsation,
When your bright eyes look in mine

For my bank book beats the nation,
And I've lost my situation,
Hunting rhymes to fascination,
So alone I must repine!
—Detroit Journal.

A LESSON FROM A LADY.

As my pet, in dresses trailing,
Tightly clinging to the railing
Of the stairs, descends, she cries:
"I'm a lady—largest size."
Bonnet tied beneath her curls,
Happiest of happy girls,
But on the lowest step she slips;
Headlong to the floor she trips.

Finery is all unheeded,
Tears are flowing unimpeded.
To my lap she straightaway flies,
There to hide her tear-stained eyes.
"You're a lady; mustn't cry."
Answer comes with sob and sigh,
As I smooth a tangled curl:
"No; I'm just your little girl."

We may stride in plume and feather
Proudly through the sunny weather,
But when clouds of trouble fall
Round about us like a pall,
All unheeded garments fine,
Straight we seek the breast Divine;
Far from worldly cares and harms
Humbled children in His arms.
—Josephine Page in The Standard.

Miscellany.

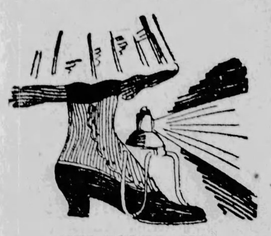
FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Novel Illuminator for the Cyclist and the Pedestrian.

Genius has given fashionable folks a new plaything with which to amuse themselves. It is in literal obedience to the Biblical injunction regarding a lamp unto the feet, for that is exactly where the new light is to be worn. It consists of a tiny lantern with sides of stout glass, mounted upon a stirrup which straddles the foot of the user, a tongue resting on the toe of the foot, and acting as a part of the support.

This queer idea has taken strong hold upon the minds of the smart set, and as a result, has sprung into instant favor. It is particularly valuable to persons who are given to walking about in places where roads and sidewalks are not well kept, for in such cases there are always holes of various dimensions and in unexpected places, in which the pedestrian is sure to trip up if he is not exceedingly careful.

There are several means of furnishing light for this curious lamp. Electricity and oil are the most common. The former is likely to be the most popular method from the fact that there is no danger of grease leaking out upon the shoe. A tiny storage battery has been constructed



THE FOOT LAMP.

to be used in furnishing the light. It is ordinarily carried in the pocket, and a flexible wire, insulated and covered with chamois skin, passes from the battery and through the pocket down to the lamp upon the foot. In this way a bright light is secured, the little battery furnishing sufficient electricity for a walk of half a dozen hours.

It is also a great convenience in horseback riding at night, for the jolting will not affect the lamp of the battery. An equestrian parade has been planned, to be given before long at one of the winter resorts near New York, in which every participant will have a lamp attached to each foot. The projectors of this parade believe that an effect will be produced such as has never been witnessed before.

It is a very odd sight to see a lantern club tramping about the country roads on a dark night, with a lamp on the foot of each member. They look like a company of giant fireflies, and the effect on the eye is weird in the extreme. All sorts of curious combinations of color can be made by varying the color of the glass.

Unpardonable.

"No," said the mature but attractive woman, with emphasis, "they are no longer in our set!"

"What can have happened?"

"It was a—a financial discrepancy."

"As bad as that?"

"Yes. We have learned that they reported the cost of their latest social diversion to be several hundred thousand dollars in excess of what it really was."—Washington Star.

Time Enough.

Waiter (handing Uncle Zeke the bill of fare)—Here you are, sir.

Uncle Zeke—Just keep your paper, young man; I don't keer 'bout readin' till after dinner.—Washington Times.

Science Too Swift.

"Oh, dear, dear me," said a damsel young,
"How depressed this makes me feel;
They've gone and invented flying machines,
And I haven't yet learned to wheel."
—Cleveland Leader.

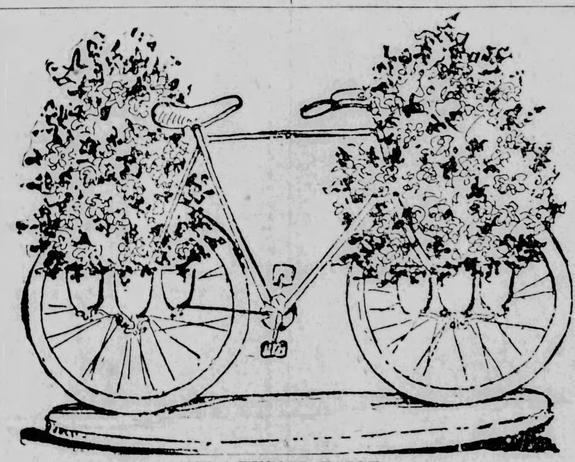
HON. JOHN HAY.

AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

We are all looking to Washington for the newest in entertainment, for they have a new cabinet family which in wealth and hospitality threatens a return of the days of Mrs. Whitney. The most elaborate table pieces are being designed for Washington use, and several very artistic young women have removed to the capital to use pencil and eye in designing and carrying out dinner designs and favors.

The favorite way of distributing floral souvenirs to guests is through a centerpiece which is rifled at the close of the feast. These centerpieces are made in all designs and some of them are as new as they are pretty.

The latest of all is the bicycle piece. It consists of a sterling silver wheel, trimmed at saddle and handle bars with flowers. Cups are concealed at the



FOR A DINNER TABLE.

pedals into which the stems of the flowers pass.

The whole is set upon a bevelled glass tray, and at the close of the dinner each lady takes her favorite flower and retires to the drawing room, while the dismantled wheel stands through the gentleman's smoking hour.

HER MODEL HUSBAND.

But a Recital of His Virtues Was Stopped by a Simple Question.

It was at a woman's luncheon, says the Chicago Tribune, and they had been exchanging opinions in regard to the husband question, both as a whole and with particulars. By the time ice cream was served the discussion had grown quite heated, and the hostess was beginning to look anxious. At the top of the table the woman in the chiffon vest and her companion in the fur trimmed gown were at daggers drawn.

"Well, I don't care what any one says, my husband is as good as they make them," said the woman in the chiffon vest, excitedly. "He always rocks me to sleep when I have a sick headache, and he gets breakfast when the cook is away, and he always gets up in the night if the baby cries!" She glared at the woman in the fur trimmed gown triumphantly, and she in turn glared back and took up the parable of speech.

"Well, my husband," she remarked, with a strong accent upon the possessive case, "never does any of those things. I should be sorry to see him do any of them. I detest a man who steps over into his wife's province. But he always looks after the furnace, and I never have to worry about the coal bill."

The woman in the chiffon vest smiled disagreeably, and the hostess was about to interpose when the pretty woman at the foot of the table spoke up.

"My husband does all the things you have mentioned," she said, sweetly, "and a lot more. When we have no girl he washes the dishes and sweeps, and I've never had to get dinner once since we've been married. I always knew he was going to be lovely that way, because he said so little about it. I never have much faith in the men who talk so much. When we were first married we talked about it and he spoke beautifully. 'I don't say I'll always do it, Jennie,' he said the first time I was without a girl, 'but I'll always help.' And he's been better than his word right along. Last night he even made the porridge so it would be ready for breakfast this morning, and every morning he brings me up a cup of coffee before I get up."

With the smile of a conscious conquerer she toyed with her menu card and smiled sweetly at the sorry women at every other end of the table. They were speechless, but the woman in the gold-rimmed glasses who sat in the middle gave her a keen look and smiled, too.

"Something has got to be done for the protection of us poor spinsters," she said, merrily, "and if any one else tells a husband story I shall retaliate with a tale regarding a wonderful cat which I possess. But first, before we quit the subject, let me ask a question. How long," turning to the pretty woman at the foot of the table, "have you been married?"

The pretty woman blushed vividly.

"Nearly two weeks," she stammered out timidly, and the other women laughed in the unfeeling manner they so often affect.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

Useful Points for the Woman Who Has an Old Gown to Make "as Good as New."

The new overskirts are giving an opportunity for some very clever little made-over dresses, the sort that are the most valuable in a woman's wardrobe.

For a woman who possesses a black silk skirt, and a striped silk waist, there is a dress possibility very near at hand, provided the skirt and waist are still good in parts.

The initial step is the matching of the

A MADE-OVER GOWN.

silk waist with enough silk to make a small overskirt. Eighteen inches is a good length and two yards of silk or three, according to the figure, should be enough. The back can be laid in a godet, and the lower edge finished with a ruching of the silk to give an apron effect.

The waist is trimmed with deep epaulets of the striped silk, and a ruffle of the same set around the throat above the black silk collar. An embroidered collarette of iridescent beads can cover up the shabby parts of the neck; and if the sleeves need anything around the hand a cuff of the same can be set on.

A pretty bordering to the skirt is made by stitching little bands of ribbon on to form a V-shaped pattern.

Must Be Great.

"Jokeleigh, the comic artist, is certain of success, sooner or later."

"Why?"

"Even his wife thinks his pictures are funny."—Cleveland Leader.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

Yet it is blessedness. A year ago
I did not feel it as I do to-day.
We are too dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine ere it flits away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That while I bore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child who brought me only good.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more:

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky;
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, oh! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;
My little boy I used to kiss is dead.
—May Riley Smith.

FIVE-LEGGED FROG

A California Freak Which is of Wonderful Intelligence.

The famous Calaveras county frog has found a legitimate successor. This one also lives in California, making his home near Coma, says the Chicago News. His claim to fame lies in the fact that he has five legs, and is credited with the ability to understand the English language. This is, more correctly speaking, his principal claim to fame; he is also remarkable for his toes. He has nineteen of these, three on each hind foot, four on each of two feet, and five on the foot belonging to the extra leg. This leg joins his body somewhat forward of the normal front leg, and is supplied with regular bones and joints. The connection with the body is apparantly perfect. In other respects the frog is like any other frog.

His style of traveling, however, is peculiar. With three legs on the left side and but two on the other, his course continually veers to the right, so that after making a certain number of jumps he arrives again at his starting point. It is this curious method of locomotion that led to his discovery. James O'Connor, his owner, had occasion to pass the Holy Cross cemetery at Colma, when his attention was attracted by the little reptile's efforts to move about, which resulted merely in his describing a series of circles. After dragging himself about in this fashion for a few moments, at an extraordinary rate of speed for a frog, he began to move in an odd way toward a pond close by, walking solely on his two front feet. Mr. O'Connor, following him up under the impression that he had been injured in some way, then perceived the extra leg, and realizing that a genuine curiosity was within reach, promptly captured the creature. A series of experiments soon demonstrated his ability to perform the strangest antics of which any frog was ever guilty. In fact, so intelligent did he seem it was promptly decided that he must be the very batrachian immortalized in the familiar college song.

McGinty, as he has been named, has been taught many things which is not supposed that the frog has sufficient intelligence to learn. For instance, his owner states positively that when asked which is the biggest town in California, or ought to be, the frog will jump about. when Colma is mentioned, but preserve absolute quiet when any other town is

CALIFORNIA'S FREAK FROG.

designated. Again, suppose several men to be seated about the table on which he gives his exhibitions. Mr. O'Connor asks: "Whom do you like best here?" and the frog promptly moves toward the questioner.

ONLY A LITTLE PLAYFUL.

The Tenderfoot, However, Didn't Agree With the Owner.

"He ain't vicious, stranger, and ain't got a single mean trait."

So spoke the owner of the mustang to the tenderfoot who was sojourning in the hills of southwestern Missouri, says the Detroit Free Press.

"You just get on and try him and if you don't like him don't buy him. He may be a bit spry and playful, but that's 'cause he's been in the stable over a week."

The tenderfoot sprang to the saddle and what happened thereafter he only dimly remembered. The horse reared; then he came down on all fours, with his legs as stiff as a sawhorse. Having repeated this operation half a dozen times, he sprang forward and covered a good section of the country at a 2:01 gait, with no running mate either. He reared, leaped, plunged and finally made his way back to the starting point, made as if to roll over, and then shved for the stable door, leaving the horseman dazed, dumb and limp in a bush near the roadside. The owner helped the would-be purchaser to his feet, straightened him out and jammed his battered hat on his head.

"What kind—kind of a horse do you call that?" gasped the tenderfoot.

"Sho! He's all right. Been in the stable a week, that's all. Feels a bit playful. But he has a right nice gait. What do you think of that single foot of his'n?"

A Misused Adjective.

"But, papa, you mustn't be hard on Mr. Saply," said his pretty daughter. "He is of a retiring disposition, you know."

"Retiring!" snorted the old man. "Retiring thunder! He doesn't leave until 12 every night he comes to see you."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Raised Her Officers' Salaries.

Benton Harbor, Mich., March 17.—The city council has raised the salaries of city officers. Aldermen will get $50 per month; city attorney, $35; marshal, $50; police, $40. The other salaries remain unchanged.

Prepared for Emergencies.

"Do you think," he said, with much embarrassment, "that—er—that is to say, if we were married your father would be willing to assist us in any way?"

"He might," was the thoughtful reply. "He is getting to be ever so successful now in divorce cases."—Washington Star.

A Hypocrite.

"Oh, Mr. Smythe, your newspaper jokes are so funny I always read them twice."

And, after Smythe had departed with his bump of self-esteem considerably extended, she told the other girls that she had to do so in order to see the point.—Texas Siftings.

Our Serial Story.

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"The Clock Struck One"

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Lone Inn," "The Expedition of Captain Flick," "The Mystery of Landy Court, etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE MADNESS OF LAMBERT JOAD.

With the recovered manuscript in her hands, with the knowledge where it had been found, and with the memory of the clock being wrong, Dora felt convinced that Joad was guilty of the crime. Without doubt he had designed to kill Edermont on that night, and had prepared the alibi so as to prove his innocence, should such proof be needed. But what was his motive for the perpetration of so detestable a crime? Why had he stolen the manuscript, and why had he not destroyed so dangerous a piece of evidence? Dora believed that the answer to these questions was to be found in the manuscript itself. The reading of it would probably solve the whole mystery.

Having accomplished her task, she slipped the paper into the pocket of her dress, ran out of the house, and having locked the door repaired to the place where she had hidden her bicycle. To give color to her excuse to Joad, she mounted and rode down the road for some considerable distance. Indeed, she felt inclined there and then to go to Canterbury and assure Allen that he was safe and that she had won a fortune by discovering the actual criminal; but her desire to do away with any possible suspicions on the part of Joad induced her to abandon such intention. When he found the manuscript gone, he might suspect her if she went directly into Canterbury, whereas, if she behaved as usual, he could have no doubts on the subject.

"Besides," said Dora to herself as she turned her face towards Chiswick, "Joad never goes to his cottage during the day, and therefore he will not find out his loss until to-night. Should he suspect that I have discovered his secret, he may do me an injury, or take to flight. I must allay his suspicions, and see Allen about the manuscript. We will read it together, and then take such steps as may be necessary to save him, and arrest Joad."

On approaching the gates of the Red House Dora received a shock, for on glancing at Joad's cottage she saw its owner coming out of the door. Perhaps her questions about the clock had induced him to depart from his usual routine, and by arousing his suspicions had created a desire to assure himself that the manuscript was safe; but whatever might be the reason, Dora had never known Joad to revisit his domicile in the daytime. A qualm seized her lest he should guess what she had done; but the memory of what was at stake nerved her to resistence, and she confronted the approaching old man with a mien cool and composed. Certainly she needed all her courage at that moment, for Joad was conducting himself like a lunatic.

His face was redder than usual with suppressed rage, he swung round his arms in a threatening manner, and, hardly seeing her in his blind fury, babbled about his loss. Dora did not need to hear his words to be assured that he had discovered the loss of the manuscript. But she strained her ears to listen, in the hope that Joad might say something likely to incriminate himself.

"Lost, lost!" muttered Joad as he shuffled near her—"and after all my care. What am I to do now? What—what—what?"

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Joad?"

The man passed before Dora with a dazed look, and suddenly cooled down in the most surprising manner. Knowing the dangerous position in which he was placed by the loss of the manuscript, he saw the necessity for dissimulation. His rage gave place to smiles, his furious gestures to fawning.

"No, Miss Dora; there is nothing wrong. I have lost a precious book, that is all. But I know who took it," he broke out with renewed fury.

Dora felt nervous, and for the moment she thought that he suspected her. But the next moment—still talking of the manuscript under the flimsy disguise of a book—his words reassured her. "Oh, yes," he repeated; "I know who stole it; but I'll be revenged!" then he shook his fists in the air, as though invoking a curse on someone, and returned to the Red House.

When Dora reached her own room, she took out the manuscript. It was a lengthy effusion, evidently carefully prepared, and certainly clearly written. With a thrill of excitement the girl sat down to read the story, and learn from it, if possible, the motive of Joad in becoming a midnight assassin. Before she had read two lines Meg knocked at her door. Dora hid away the precious paper hastily in her wardrobe, and called on Meg to enter.

"Dinner is up, Miss," said the stout country woman, "and Mr. Joad waits. He don't look well, Miss Dora. Sheets ain't nothing to face of he."

"Is he in a bad temper, Meg?"

"Lordy, no, miss! He ghastly pale and quiet like."

Meg's report proved to be true. Joad's rage had died out into a subdued nervousness, and his red face had paled to a yellowish hue. He said little, and ate little; but Dora noticed that he drank more than his ordinary allowance of whisky and water. Every now and then he cast a furtive glance round the room, as though waiting anxiously for the unexpected to happen. His conduct reminded Dora of the late Mr. Edermont's behavior in church during the litany, and there was no doubt in her mind as to Joad's feelings. He had received a shock, and in consequence thereof he was thoroughly frightened.

Towards the end of the meal he grew more composed under the influence of the spirits and water, and it was then that he abruptly informed Dora that he was going into Canterbury.

"You are going into Canterbury," she echoed, fairly astonished, "this afternoon?"

"Yes; I have not been in the town for months. But I wish to consult—a lawyer."

"About the loss of your book, I suppose?"

Joad raised his heavy eyes, and sent a piercing glance in her direction. "Yes," he said in a quiet tone, "I wish to consult about that loss."

"Will you see Mr. Carver?"

"On the whole," said Joad with great deliberation, "I think I shall see Mr. Carver. He knows much; he may as well know more."

"What do you mean?" asked Dora, startled by the significance of this speech.

"You will know to-morrow, Miss Carew."

He left the room and shortly afterwards the house. Anxious to learn if he intended to fly, and so escape the consequences of his crime, Dora followed him down to the gate. This had not been kept locked of late, and Joad swung it easily open. Stepping out, he cast a glance to right and left, in an uneasy fashion, and suddenly staggered against the wall with his hand to his heart. In an instant Dora was beside him.

"What is the matter, Mr. Joad?"

"Only the old trouble—my heart," he muttered; "it will kill me some day. The sooner the better—now."

Dora took this speech as an acknowledgment of his guilt, and withdrew a little from his neighborhood. Joad took no notice of this shrinking, but explained his plans.

"I go to my cottage to change my clothes," he said calmly, "then I will get a trap from the hotel and drive to Canterbury to see Mr. Carver. You need not expect me at the Red House to-night, Miss Dora. I shall stay in my own cottage. It will not do for me to be out after dark."

"Why not, Mr. Joad? You are in no danger?"

"I am in danger of losing my life," retorted the old man, and, flinging her detaining hand rudely aside, he ran across the road with an activity surprising in one of his years and sedentary life.

When he disappeared Dora returned to the house. She was at a loss what to do with regard to Joad. His actions and speech were so strange that she was afraid lest he should fly. If he did, his complicity in the crime might never be proved, and so Allen's safety might be compromised. Dora was determined that this should not be. She decided to get into Canterbury before Joad, to see Mr. Carver and ask his advice; afterwards to call on Allen and show him the manuscript. In some way or other she would contrive to circumvent the discovered villain.

Having come to this decision Dora, put the manuscript in her pocket, assumed her hat and gloves, and took out her bicycle. Joad was not yet out of his cottage, so she hurried in hot haste, and spun up the road at full speed. By the time he had got to the hotel and ordered the trap, she hoped to be in Canterbury preparing the ground for his arrival, so that his efforts to fly—if indeed he intended to do so—might be baffled in every direction. Dora felt that a crucial moment was at hand, and that it behoved her to have all her wits about her, if she were to save Allen and win the fifty thousand pounds.

On her arrival at Canterbury Dora lost no time in seeking the lawyer. He was busy in his dingy back office as usual, and betrayed no surprise at seeing his visitor. With a dry smile he shook hands, and placed a chair for her; then he gave his explanation of her appearance.

"You have come to ask further about your five hundred pounds," said he; "if so, I am afraid you are wasting your time."

"I do not intend to waste my time on that matter, Mr. Carver," replied Dora quietly, "nor yours either. The object of my visit is far more important. I have discovered who killed Mr. Edermont."

If she hoped to astonish Mr. Carver by this speech, she was never more mistaken in her life. He did not display any surprise, but merely laughed and rubbed his dry hands together. "Have I, then, to congratulate you on gaining fifty thousand pounds?" he asked satirically.

"You can judge for yourself, Mr. Carver," said Dora quietly; and then and there, without further preamble, she related the finding of the manuscript, the behaviour of Joad, and the evidence of the clock. Carver betrayed his interest by frequent raisings of his eyebrows, but otherwise remained motionless until the conclusion of her story. She might as well have been speaking to a stone.

"And the manuscript," he asked—"have you it with you?"

"Yes"—Dora laid it on the table—"here it is. The story of Mr. Edermont's early life."

"You have read it?"

"No; not yet. I have not had time to do so. I have brought it in to read with Allen—that is, unless you require it."

Carver thought for a moment, and shook his head. "No," he said in an amiable tone, "I do not require it at the present moment. I shall see Mr. Joad first, and then call on Dr. Scott to hear his and your report on this paper."

"Do you think Mr. Joad is guilty?" asked Dora, replacing the manuscript in her pocket.

"Circumstantial evidence is strongly against him," replied Mr. Carver cautiously, "but I shall reserve my opinion until I hear his story."

"Do you think he will call on you?"

"He told you that he intended to do so, Miss Carew."

"Very true, Mr. Carver. All the same he may have done so to save time. For all we know he may design to go straight to the railway station and catch the London express."

"Oh, I can frustrate that scheme," said Carver, rising. "Mr. Joad's conduct is sufficiently suspicious to justify his detention on the ground of complicity, if not of actual guilt. A word to Inspector Jedd, and Joad will not get away by the express. Go and see Dr. Scott, my dear young lady, and leave me to deal with your friend."

"You won't let him escape?"

"No," said Carver drily. "On the whole, I had rather you got the fifty thousand pounds than anyone else."

And then he conducted Dora to the door with a courtesy he had never extended before to any female client, and at which his clerks were greatly astonished. Congratulating herself on having thus made all safe, Dora went to see Allen. He was still unwell, but felt better than he had done on the previous day. He was surprised at her visit, and gathered from her bright looks that she had something of importance to communicate to him.

"What is it, Dora?" he asked anxiously; "good or bad news?"

"Good! You are safe!"

"Then you intend to marry Joad?" said Allen in a tone of despair.

"Indeed I intend no such thing! Mr. Joad has other things to think about besides marriage."

"What other things?"

"How to save his neck. Yes, you may well look astonished, Allen. Joad, and none other, killed my guardian! Here is the proof!" and Dora flung the manuscript on the table.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE STOLEN MANUSCRIPT.

Allen looked on the manuscript thus suddenly produced in mute wonder. With a swift glance he questioned Dora as to what it was—for he could not yet bring himself to believe that it was the lost paper—and how she had come by it. The girl afforded him at once a concise explanation.

"It is the paper containing the early life of Mr. Edermont," said she with a nod; "the manuscript stolen from the bureau, on account of which we believe the murder to have been perpetrated. I found it in the cottage of Joad."

"In the cottage of Joad?" echoed Allen slowly. "How did he come by it?"

"By robbery and murder. He is the guilty person."

"Dora—are you sure? He proved an alibi, you know."

"I am aware of that, and I am aware also how he prepared such alibi. It is a long story, Allen. I shall tell it to you, and then we will read the manuscript together."

"I am all attention," cried Allen, settling himself on the sofa. "Go on, you most wonderful girl."

"I am a most unfortunate girl," said Dora sadly. "By my discovery I have saved you from arrest, and perhaps condemnation, and myself from a marriage which revolted me. But what is left after all, my dear? Nothing, nothing. We can never be anything but friends to one another, for our lives have been ruined by the sins of other people. It is cruelly hard."

"You speak only too truly, Dora," said Allen, taking her hand. "And I can give you no comfort; I can give myself no consolation. Your father's crime has parted us, and we must suffer vicariously for his guilt."

For a moment or so they remained silent, thinking over the hopelessness of their position. But matters were too important and pressing to admit of much time being wasted in useless lamentations. Dora was the first to recover her speech, and forthwith related the events of the day, from the conversation of Meg Gance down to the visit to Carver. Allen interrupted her frequently with exclamations of surprise.

"You are right, Dora!" he cried when she had ended. "How wonderfully you have worked out the matter! Without doubt Joad was hidden in the house while Lady Burville saw Edermont. After she left he must have killed his friend and secured the manuscript. No doubt he hid again when he heard me coming, and saw me not in the road, as he alleges, but in the study. Oh, the villain! and he would have saved his neck at the expense of mine!"

"He had not even that excuse, Allen; for, owing to his manipulation of the hall clock, there was absolutely no suspicion that he was guilty. He accused you to gain me, but now I have caught him in his own trap, and no doubt Mr. Carver will have him arrested this night."

"I hope so," said Dr. Scott angrily; "he is a wicked old ruffian! But I cannot understand why he killed Mr. Edermont."

"The manuscript may inform us," said Dora, taking it up. "Let us read it at once."

Allen consented eagerly, and Dora, smoothing the pages, began to read what may be termed the confession of Julian Dargill, alias Edermont. Some parts of the narrative were concisely told, others expanded beyond all due bonds, and as a literary attempt the story was a failure. But for style or elegance of language the young couple cared little. They wished to learn the truth, and they found it in the handwriting of the dead man.

"My name is Julian Dargill," began the manuscript abruptly. "I was born at Christchurch, in Hants, where my family lived for many generations. My parents died whilst I was at Oxford, and at the age of 20 I found myself my own master. For ten years I traveled in the company of a young man whom I had met at the University. He was not a gentleman, but he had a clever brain, and was an amusing companion, so I paid his expenses for the pleasure of his conversation and company. When I returned home I left Mallison—for such was his name, John Mallison—in my London rooms, and came down to my house at Christchurch. Here I took up my residence, and here I fell in love with Laura Burville. She was a charming blonde, delicate and tiny as a fairy, full of life and vivacity. Her face was singularly beautiful, her figure perfection, and she had the gift of bringing sunshine wherever she went. Needless to say, I fell deeply in love with her, and would have made her my wife but for the foolish behavior of her parents. These were religious fanatics of peculiarly rigid principles, and they disapproved of my tendency to a gay life. How they came to have so charming a daughter I could never understand. Miss Treherne—or shall I call her by the fonder name of 'Lura?'—had three suitors—myself, Dr. Scott, a widower, and Capt. George Carew of the merchant serivce. Scott was a handsome and clever man, but poor and reckless in his way of life. His wife had died when his son Allen was born, and Scott left the child to be brought up by the nurse while he went flirting with all the pretty girls in the country. Mr. and Mrs. Treherne disapproved of him, also on account of this behavior. So far as I saw, neither Dr. Scott nor myself had any chance of marrying Laura, for her parents favored the suit of her third admirer, George Carew. I hated and feared that man. He was a brutal sailor, with a vindictive spirit and an unusually violent temper. Everybody yielded to his imperious spirit, and he rode rough-shod over any opposition that might be made to his wishes. He fell in love with Laura, and determined to marry her. At my pretentions and those of Scott he laughed scornfully, and warned both that he would permit neither of us to interfere with his designs. He was cunning enough to ingratiate himself with the parents of Laura by pretending to be religious, and ostensibly became more of a fanatic than the Trehernes themselves. Laura was carried away by the violence of his wooing; her parents were delighted with his pretended conversion; and against their support and Laura's timidity—I can call her yielding by no other name—Scott and myself could do nothing. Carew married her. I omitted to state that Carew was not rich. He was part owner in a ship called the Silver Arrow, which traded to the Cape of Good Hope, and sometimes went as far as Zanzibar. When the marriage took place Carew was forced to take command of his ship for a voyage to the Cape. He wished Laura to come also, but this she refused to do, and by offering a dogged resistance to his violent temper she managed to get her own way for once. This I learnt from her afterwards. Alas! had she only been as determined over refusing marriage with Carew, all this sorrow might not have come upon us. But she was quite infatuated with the insolent sailor, and while he was with her I believe she loved him after a fashion. Nevertheless, I do not think her passion either for Carew or for myself was very strong. Leaving then for his voyage, Carew established his wife in a cottage near my house, and went away almost immediately after the honeymoon. Her parents had left Christchurch shortly before to take possession of some property in Antrim, Ireland which had been left to them. Laura was quite alone, and found her state of grass-widowhood sufficiently tiresome. She wished for distraction, and encouraged myself and Dr. Scott to call upon her. As we were still in love with her, we accepted her invitation only too gladly, and for six months we devoted ourselves to her amusement. Then came the news that the Silver Arrow had been wrecked on the coast of Guinea. The information was brought by the first mate, who had been picked up in an open boat by a passing ship. His companions were dead of hardship and suffering, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was brought round again. On his return to England he told his tale to the owners of the ship, and then communicated the news to Mrs. Carew. Without doubt her husband was drowned, and so after six months of married life she found herself a widow, but ill-provided with money. As a part owner of the Silver Arrow, the dead Carew had some claim to a portion of the insurance; but, owing to some commercial and legal trickery, no money was obtainable from this source. Laura had barely sufficient to live on. It may be guessed what effect poverty had upon her refined and pleasure-loving nature. She refused to go to her parents in Ireland, as their gloomy religious views were alien to her more aesthetic leanings; yet she could not remain in Christchurch with hardly sufficient to sustain life. Dr. Scott offered to marry her, but he was too poor to give her the luxuries of life, and she refused to become his wife or stepmother to his little boy. Then I offered myself, and was accepted. I was not so handsome as Scott, or so manly and daring as her first husband; but I was rich, and while pretending to love me but little, she married me for my fortune. I was content to take her even on such terms, and we arranged to become husband and wife. Owing to the recent death of Carew, we could not marry openly in Christchurch; and as Laura had never truly loved the sailor, she did not care to pay a tribute to his hated memory by a year of mourning. Rather was she anxious to marry me at once, and for this purpose she went up to London. After a decent interval, to avert suspicion, I followed, and we were married shortly afterwards by special license in the church of St. Pancras. John Mallison was the best man, and arranged all the details for me. These things happened some months after Carew's supposed death. Then we traveled for a year, and at the end of it came back with our child Dora to Christchurch, where——"

"Our child?" said Dora, interrupting her reading. "What does that mean, Allen?"

"No doubt that Dargill adopted you as his child after the death of Carew."

"But I was his ward here: why does he not call me his ward in this manuscript?"

"Read on," said Allen. "You may discover the reason."

"We took up our abode at my mansion in Christchurch," read Dora swiftly, "and for a time we were fairly happy. But I was not altogether pleased with my wife. She did not love me, nor did she make any pretense to do so. Indeed, I believe she despised me for my weakness of body and amiability of temper. Dr. Scott began to call again, and Laura encouraged his visits. I forbade him the house, but my wife and himself defied me, and I was powerless to control their behavior. One evening, after a scene with Laura, I left the house. Scott was in the habit of crossing the lawn at dusk and entering the drawing-room, to flirt with my wife, while I was reading in the library. I also came the same way at times in preference to going round by the door; and one evening, entering thus, I chanced upon them. The discovery resulted in a violent scene; and next morning I left for London, vowing never to return until my wife dismissed Scott from her thoughts. The departure saved my life.

"While I was away Carew returned to Christchurch. He had been saved by some negroes on the Guina coast, and had been detained in captivity by them for over a year. Finally he escaped, managed to get to England, and came to claim his wife. When he heard of our marriage he went mad with rage. He accused me of corrupting his wife, of spreading a false report of his death; and finally swore that he would not rest until he had killed me. I verily believe that he was bent on doing so, notwithstanding my innocence in the matter, and had I not been absent in London, he would have shot me without mercy. As it was, he committed a murder in the hope of killing me.

"My wife—as I must still call her—had no opportunity of warning me, as Carew kept such a close watch on her. He expected me to return, and took up his quarters in the house with the avowed intention of killing me. Laura sent for Scott to see how she could save me—rather for her own sake than for mine—and he came to see her one evening by stealth. Carew had heard from one of the servants that I was in the habit of crossing the lawn and entering the drawing room. When he saw Scott approaching in the same direction he thought it was me; and being provided with a pistol, which he always carried, he shot the man through the heart. When he found out whom he had killed, he fled to escape being arrested; but his last words to Laura were that he would hunt me down and kill me.

"All this came out at the inquest, which was reported in the Morning Planet, under the heading of 'A Romantic Tragedy.' Hearing how my life was sought by Carew—still at large—I left my lodgings and went into hiding. What else could I do? I am a weak and puny man, and, morally speaking, I am a coward. It is not my fault. I was born so. I dared not face this brute in his ungoverned rage, and so I hid. Then John Mallison came to my rescue. He was rather like me, and he proposed to adopt my name and go to America, letting Carew know in some way how he had died. Mallison was a brave man, and I knew that he could hold his own better than I against Carew. He assumed my name, and I supplied him with funds. Carew saw him by chance in Regent street and in the distance took him for me. Mallison to encourage this false recognition, fled to America, and Carew followed. Then I prepared for my own safety.

"I took the name of Julian Edermont, and transferred my property in the funds to that name. I bought, through Carew, the Red House, near Canterbury, and I made it secure against robbers and my enemy Carew. Then I went to live there. I was afraid to go back to Laura—for whom I provided amply—lest Carew should hear of it. And I wrote to her about our child. Laura was not a good mother, and I was afraid she would neglect Dora. Some letters passed between us—while I was in London, for I did not give her my new address or name—and she ultimately sent Dora to me. Since then Dora has lived with me as my ward, for I was afraid to say that she was my daughter, lest Carew should find out.

"His adopted daughter, of course," interrupted Allen. "She was afraid your father might kill him, and take you away."

"Later on I found my old college companion Joad starving in London, and took him to live with me." Dora went on. "Mallison came back from America, and I provided for him, likewise. So far I felt safe; but all these years I have had a belief that Carew would find me out, in spite of all my precautions and kill me. If I am found murdered, George Carew will be the culprit. As no one else has any reason to wish for my death, I am at peace with all men. To punish him I leave by will the bulk of my fortune to him or her who finds out and punishes George Carew for his villainy. I hope my daughter Dora may be so fortunate. She need have no compunction in doing so, for Carew is not her father. She is my child, born of my marriage with Laura, and I only wished Carew, and my ward, to do away with any possible discovery by Carew. The certificate of her birth is with my family lawyer in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"Dora!" cried Allen, starting up, "you are not Carew's daughter—not the daughter of the man who killed my father!"

"Edermont—Dargill—my father!" stammered Dora. "What does it mean?"

"Mean!" cried Allen, taking her in his arms—"that your father did not kill me—and we can marry!"

[To be continued.]

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

A Populist Yarn.

L. S., Dayton, Wash.: The story told you by the Populist is utterly false. There was no raid on the gold reserve at the time mentioned—early in Harrison's term; no secretary of the treasury, either under Harrison or any other President, ever threatened to pay out silver dollars to redeem the greenbacks. No secretary of the treasury has ever proposed to redeem the greenbacks with silver dollars, because that would at once depreciate the greenbacks to the bullion value of the silver dollar, and drive the silver dollar to its bullion value instead of the face value. The trouble with the Populists is they are densely ignorant of the truth about money, and refuse to believe they are in error.

Mrs. McKinley's Gown.

"G. A. R." Pemberton, Col.: The dress Mrss. McKinley wore at the inauguration was purchased and made in Chicago. She went there in January, on a visit, and while there had the dress made. We sympathize with you if you are compelled to live among people who lie so abominably, and that, too, about a woman.

Gloss for Starch.

H. S. S., Altamont, Ill.: Procure 2 ounces of pure white gum arabic, in powder. Put into a pitcher, add a pint of pure boiling water, cover it, and let it stand all night. In the morning fill a bottle with the clear portion, throwing away the dregs. A tablespoonful of this gum water, added to a pint of starch ready for use, gives a beautiful gloss to shirts, and to lawns a look of newness to which nothing else can restore them. The whiteness of clothes washed at a laundry is due to the use of chloride of lime, which, however, has a tendency to injure the fabric.

Hayes and Tilden.

"You gave in Weekly Blade of February 25, the dates of the inaugurations of the different Presidents, and Hayes as on Monday, March 5, 1877. To settle an argument, did Hayes take the oath of office on Saturday night late, the 3d of March? Also did Tilden take the oath of office, and if so, why?"—A. F., St. Paul, Minn.

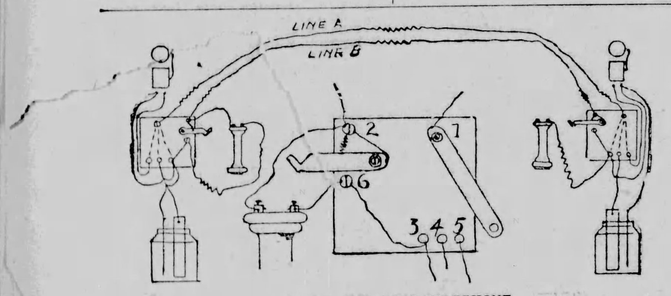
Both statements were among the thousands of rumors in circulation at that time. It was said that Hayes took the oath of office privately and that Tilden did the same in New York before a notary. It would be difficult to find a good reason why either should do it, and we doubt if it was done in either case. There is no proof, to our knowledge, for either rumor.

Cheap and Good Telephone.

"Can you give me any information in regard to a telephone—that is, putting up a small one between two houses?"—J. H., Fond du Lac, Wis.

The following directions will enable you to make a cheap and good electric telephone that will work well, and can be used over a line a mile long, or even more. The articles can be bought at any supply store. If one cell of battery at each end will not ring the bell, use two cells.

Build the line of No. 14 steel wire, two strands; that is, a double line, without any earth connection. Next, purchase two hand telephones or receivers (see cut), two 3-point switches, two batteries, two ordinary electric



A CHEAP AND GOOD TELEPHONE.

bells, some round-headed screws, and some sheet brass.

Screw each bell to the woodwork where you wish each telephone to stand, and directly under each bell screw one of the switches. Place the batteries in any convenient place. Solder the terminal of line A to the switch lever, or screw in a binding screw.

Cut from the sheet brass a hook to hang the receiver on. (See cut.) Bore a hole in one end of the hook and screw it firmly to the switch, or to the woodwork under the switch. Screw a large round-headed brass screw into the woodwork in such a manner that when the receiver is hanging on the hook, the hook will rest on the screw.

Solder a wire to this screw, and fasten the other end to point 3 on the switch. Solder another wire to screw 2, and solder the other end to the hook. (See cut.)

At point 4 on the switch fasten a wire, and attach the other end to the carbon side of the battery. At point 5 on the switch fasten a wire and attach the other end to the binding screw on the bell. At point 3 on the switch fasten two wires, run one to the other binding screw on the bell, and the other wire to the zinc side of the battery. Line B is soldered to screw 2. Hang the receiver on the hook, and place the switch lever on point 5.

To call, place the switch lever on point 4 for a minute. This causes the bell to ring at the other end of the line. Then move the switch lever on to point 5, take the receiver off the hook and place to your ear, and wait for an answer. After getting an answer, talk into the receiver. When through talking, place the lever on point 5, and hang the receiver on the hook.

The cut above shows the two end stations of the line, and in the center is an enlarged diagram of the switch-board. We think you will find the directions perfectly plain. The telephone will work much better than an ac-telephone will work much better than an ac-tuatic one. If you find any trouble, write again. We should be glad to learn how you succeed.

Percentages and Fallacies.

"Democrats here claim that the tariff during Cleveland's administration was only 8 per cent less than it was during Harrison's. Is that so, what was the cause of so much difference in the government's finances? Why is it that the Democratic party never seems to know enough to run the government when they are in power?"—J. E. C., Hebron, Neb.

There is no way of comparing the two different tariffs through a percentage. The basis of comparison is not the same. England has free trade, yet her tariff on the few things upon which it is imposed is a very high one. The percentage is obtained by taking an average of the duties on all articles. But such an average of the McKinley law and of the Wilson law affords no basis of comparison. For instance, in the last year of the McKinley tariff we imported $18,262,417 worth of wool, all of which paid duty, and added largely to the revenues; during the first full year of the Wilson law we imported $33,770,159 worth of wool, which was put on the free list by the Wilson law, and consequently did not put a dollar into the treasury.

Similar comparisons can be made with nearly all the great staples we import. On all these the Wilson law lowered the duties. But it increased the duty on diamonds 100 per cent, on alabastin 80 per cent, on cocoanuts 100 per cent, on cork bark 100 per cent, and so on. These things form but a small part of our imports; but these duties go into the calculation of the percentage just the same as the duty on wool, or iron, or cotton goods, and other great staples. The reason the Democrats make a failure when intrusted with power is simply because their theories are unsound, and will not work in practice.

What a "Greenback" Is.

"A dispute has arisen between myself and a friend as to what a greenback is. I have a United States note which reads: 'The United States will pay five dollars.' It is one of the series of 1880, and act of 1863. On the back it reads: 'This note is a legal tender at its face value.' And then comes the cancellation clause, so familiar to everybody.

"I contend this is one of the $346,000,000 of greenbacks outstanding, while he contends, as I understand, that while $346,000,000 of demand notes are greenbacks, or were. He says we have no greenbacks in circulation, and that my bill is not a greenback but a Treasury note. My friend is very persistent and has been for months, and I am equally so. Please favor with an answer in Question Bureau."—D. S. K., Cynthiana, Ind.

The note is a greenback. The word "greenback" was applied to the first legal tender notes ever issued by the government, because they were printed on the back in green ink, as they now are. Before that, carmine or crimson was generally used for ornamental work on notes. Any note issued by the government is a "Treasury note," of course.

The old demand notes were not greenbacks. They were not legal tender, they were not re-issuable, and they were payable on demand. The greenbacks are legal tender, they are reissuable, and they were not payable on demand until the resumption act so provided. There are 4 kinds of government notes now in circulation. 1, the greenbacks; 2, the Sherman notes, or Treasury notes of 1890, which all say "The United States will pay — dollars in coin;" 3, the silver certificates, which read: "This certifies that there has been deposited in the United States Treasury — silver dollars;" 4, the gold certificates.

Three Golden Balls.

"Why is it that pawnbrokers use the three golden bals for a sign?"—E. D. P. Hemingford, Neb.

In the thirteenth century, merchants from Lombardy established themselves in England and France, and afterward in other European countries. They were bankers and money lenders, as well as merchants, and on account of the bad credit of many borrowers, they took the personal pledge as security for loans. They gradually formed powerful companies. Lombard street in London was named from them, and the Rue des Lombardes in Paris, and the name "Lombard" became a synonym for money lenders. The modern pawnbrokers' sign, the three golden balls, was derived either from the arms of the corporation of Lombards, or from the armorial bearings of the Medici family, who were among the wealthiest of the Lombard merchants.

Bryan and Silver.

"If Mr. Bryan had been elected President could we have bought one hundred cents' worth of goods with a silver dollar?"—S. D. E. A., Hebron, Ind.

Send your real name, and we will be glad to answer you. Read Rule 1 above. If you cannot comply with so reasonable a request, don't bother us with questions. The reason for the rule is, that we may know whether you are a subscriber or not. We are not answering questions for those who do not take The Blade.

A Long Siphon.

"Will water run through a siphon 1,100 feet long, with one foot fall, from the bottom of a well? If you think that water will not run through that long a siphon, with that little a fall, then please state the amount of fall necessary."—O. T. P., Cooperstown, Ill.

Water would pass through the siphon, but very slowly, owing to the small fall, and the friction on so long a pipe. How fast it would run depends entirely upon the diameter of the pipe; the greater the diameter, the greater flow.

Christmas.

"Is there any place in the world where Christmas is celebrated on any other date than on December 25? If so, what class or nation of people are they? What time of the year is Christmas celebrated south of the equator?"—D. G., Rollersville, O.

Christmas is celebrated on December 25 by all Christian peoples; and, as it is in honor of Christ's birth, of course it is not regarded by anybody not Christian. But Russia adheres to the old Gregorian calendar, and December 25 comes, by their reckoning, 12 days later than the date we do. Hence, though it is December 25 with them, it is January 6 by our calendars. South of the equator the reckoning is just the same as north of it.

Repairing a Barometer.

"I have a large barometer in which the mercury became divided in moving to this state. Will you kindly inform me by what method, if any, this mercury may again be united?"—W. H. S., Esmond, S. D.

The cheapest and best plan is to send it to a competent person. If you wish to try it yourself, take it apart and empty all the mercury out of the tube into a bowl or other glass or china vessel. Take a rod that will enter the tube, fasten a pledget of cotton on one end, and clean the tube thoroughly, changing the cotton several times. Then take all the mercury and skim its surface with a visiting card or the edge of a sheet of writing paper, till the surface is brilliant all over. Then dip the end of the tube in the mercury, letting the air out as you do so, getting a drop or two of mercury in the tube. Then, with the open end upward, holding the tube

Beauty is the power which captivates the strongest natures.

A woman's personal attractiveness is the weapon with which she conquers her world. Almost every woman believes that she possesses at least some one attractive feature and strives to make the most of that. But mere regularity of feature is not the most attractive form of beauty.

Mankind is more influenced by the bright glowing vitality of perfect health. A classic cast of countenance will not make a woman attractive and captivating, if she is pale, thin, weak and nervous, or has a pimply complexion or unwholesome breath.

These complaints are due to imperfect nutrition. The digestive and blood-making organs fail to extract the needed nourishment from the food, and the liver is too sluggish to cleanse the blood of bilious impurities. The entire constitution becomes weak and poisoned.

The only perfect antidote for this state of things is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It gives power to the digestive and nutritive organs to make an abundance of pure, rich, highly vitalized blood, which permeates the whole system with the sweetness of purity; the beauty of womanly vigor and animation.

It creates solid, healthy flesh and natural color; clears the complexion; dispels wrinkles; rounds out the form and imbues the whole physique with the irresistible natural magnetism of perfect health.

Miss Julia Ellis, of Faith, McLean Co., Ky., writes: "After suffering for a long while with a lingering disease, I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I took seven bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' and found relief. Life is now no longer a burden to me. I weigh 120 pounds. A year ago I weighed 92 pounds. I shall praise Dr. Pierce's medicines wherever I go. I feel better than ever before. My health was very much impaired, and I feel that I owe a great deal to your wonderful medicines. I truly believe they saved my life. I thank you for the advice which you so kindly gave me while taking your medicines."

C. Who fought there and who were killed? Describe if you can its exact location and the physical features of the place."—F. W. F., Atkinson, Ill.

The Bladensburg dueling ground is located near the village of Bladensburg, Md., about ten miles north of Washington, and just outside of the line of the District of Columbia. Bladensburg was the scene of the battle between the American forces and the British troops who in 1814 captured Washington City and burned the capitol, executive mansion and other government buildings. Whether the fact that the battle had taken place at Bladensburg led to its selection as a dueling ground is not known, though the first duel recorded as occurring there, took place in the year in which the battle was fought, and one of its participants was a young army officer, Edward Hopkins.

About fifty duels are said to have taken place at this spot, one of the most noted being that between Gen. Olmstead Mason, and Col. John McCarty, a cousin. The quarrel was about a political disagreement, and Gen. Mason resigned his senatorship before entering upon the fight. McCarty was determined that both should be destroyed, and among the plans he suggested was that they should jump simultaneously from the dome of the capitol, or fight upon kegs of powder. They finally chose rifles, to be used at a range of ten feet. McCarty's determination was not realized, the bullet from Gen. Mason's rifle striking his elbow and dividing into three pieces, causing a serious but not fatal wound, while Gen. Mason fell mortally wounded, and lived but a few minutes.

Another duel occurring here which attracted great attention was that between Commodore Decatur and Captain Barron, both of the United States Navy, in which Decatur was killed and Barron dangerously but not fatally wounded.

The dueling ground is located just beside a small creek which enters the eastern branch of the Potomac at that point, and is a low, flat piece of ground, near the road leading from Washington to Baltimore. It was at that time densely overgrown with trees and shrubbery, the spot usually selected for duel-being a cow path which ran through the grounds, and thus afforded a short stretch in which the antagonists could have a clear view of each other.

The spot at which the duels were fought is not that upon which the battle of Bladensburg took place, but located a comparatively short distance from it. It has not been used for dueling purposes for many years, and is now devoted to the more peaceful pursuit of agriculture.

Poems Wanted.

M. A. M., High Point, N. C., wants a copy of "Sally Dale."

W. B. M., Huntington, Pa., asks for a war song entitled, "Ulysses Leads the Van."

J. W. J., Eureka, Cal., asks for "Nothing to Wear."

N. D. N., Guthrie, Okla., asks for a copy of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." Who will send us a printed copy?

Who will send "Prairie Grove" for V. A. C., Walnut Shade, Mo.?

Excise and Internal Revenue.

"What is the difference between excise and internal revenue?"—J. S., Sardis, O.

Internal revenue is the larger term, excise the smaller. An excise tax is one upon commodities produced within this country, and internal revenue taxation includes this, and any other tax levied which is not upon imported goods. Thus, an income tax levied by the national government would be an internal revenue tax, but it would not be an excise, because it is not levied on any domestic product, but upon incomes. As the internal revenue tax law is now, it is composed of excise taxes entirely, as it is levied upon spirituous and malt liquors, tobacco in its various forms, and on oleomargarine—all of which are domestic products.

Black Hawk Survivors.

H. C. G., Petrolia, Cala., sends the following interesting correction:

"In Weekly Blade of Feb. 25, you noted the death of Philip Clark as being the last survivor of the Black Hawk war. You have been misinformed. There are two survivors living in this county. One is Stephen Goff, 86 years old, and the other is Silas Beesly, also 86 years old."

The Deepest Well.

A. L. F., Union, Neb., has our thanks for this information:

"The deepest well of which I know, is that at Sperenburg, near Berlin, Prussia. It is 4,194 feet in depth."

The Rain Gauge.

"We read of places having so many inches of rain. We would like to know how they ascertain the number of inches of rainfall."—A. W. D., Mason City, Iowa.

At all weather stations a rain gauge is kept exposed to the sky, in an open space, where surrounding objects will not deflect the rain or snow. It is simply a large tube, with a graduated scale of inches vertically on it. After each rainfall the amount is noted and recorded and the gauge emptied. Snow is melted, and the depth of the resulting water is recorded as rain.

The Patent Gazette.

"Please inform me how I can obtain the Official Gazette of the Patent Office?"—Subscriber, Enoch, W. Va.

Send $5 to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., and order it. That pays for one year. Sample copies are not sent.

Addressing a Lady.

"Please state the form by which a speaker should address a lady who is acting as chairman of a public meeting."—D. A. S., Aplson, Tenn.

Address her as "Mrs. Chairwoman" or "Miss Chairwoman."

Oldest and Youngest.

H. S., Sprecher, Scotia, Neb., adds the following information to the discussion:

"In view of the discussion now going on in the newspapers relative to the oldest and youngest soldiers of the late war, while perhaps the Sprecher family cannot substantiate their claim in furnishing either the oldest or youngest soldiers, they are at least entitled to some consideration in both respects. My father, George Sprecher, was born in 1846, enlisted in September, 1861, in Co. K, 34th Ohio, being 53 years old. My brother, John P. Sprecher, was born in May, 1845, enlisted August, 1861, in Co. K, 34th Ohio, being 16 years old. My brother, Frank Sprecher, was born in January, 1849, enlisted in Co. A, 172d Ohio, in May, 1864, at the age of 15 years. The writer of this was born March 10, 1847, enlisted August 6, 1862, in Co. A, 170th Ohio, at the age of 15 years. Of the above, my father served three years, my brother John four years, Frank 100 days and myself three years. All are living at present and all voted for McKinley for President."

Miscellaneous.

E. J. H., Ballard, Va.: We do not think it is so.

A. U. G., Cairo, Ill.: The Duke of Marlborough married Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.

B. F. G., Winnebago City, Minn.: We have not a biography of the gentleman, and hence can not say.

J. A. O., Reed's Landing, Minn.: Address a letter of inquiry to "Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C."

E. D. P., Hemingford, Neb., asks how to get rid of prairie dogs? Will some of our readers send us their experience?

J. W. W., Bird City, Kan.: We do not recall any "committee of ten" of special note. Tell us all you know about it, and we will try to look it up.

A. E. L., Sun Prairie, Wis.: We do not know whether there is a history of the Lee family published or not. Better correspond with some of the Virginia Lees.

J. R. T., Triadelphia, W. Va.: The President is paid his salary every two weeks, by a check issued by the Treasury department on the Treasurer of the United States.

O. K. B., Mona, Iowa: There was no evidence whatever to implicate Cleveland in any improper conduct in the sale of the bonds to the Morgan syndicate, and the Senate investigation of the sugar trust resulted in nothing.

T. J. B., Seattle, Wash.: There are several voting machines patented, and which have been used. One used in a town in Michigan last year has all main points of the one you describe and was described in The Blade at the time.

Subscriber, Forreston, Tex.: Your old six-shooter with knife-blade that opens to form a sort of bayonet is probably the work of some gunsmith. Certainly no such pistols were ever put on the market by a regular manufacturer. Many queer weapons were made at the opening of the civil war, and this may date from that time.

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

British India, by R. W. Frazer, L. L. D. In story of the Nations. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

The Last Recruit of Clare, by S. R. Keightley. Harper & Bros., New York City.

American Statesmen. Studies in Political History. Fourth volume. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Authors and publishers seem, at this season of the year, to be taking a rest for few books of great literary intent are making their appearance. Among those which are always good is the last volume of Putnam's Story of the Nations, which treats of British India. The author, Prof. R. W. Frazer, lecturer in Telugu and Tamil University college, has given most careful study to the conditions of the country, and brings to this work, not only an intelligent appreciation of facts, but he is also inspired by a love for India and its people.

An entertaining addition to the historical fiction which has become so popular recently is a volume by S. R. Keightley, entitled The Last Recruit of Claus. This purports to be the memoirs of Anthony Dillon, the commander of a regiment of Irishmen who were fighting in the service of the King of France. He calls himself a soldier of fortune, who "hated none without cause, . . and followed the voice of honor and truth like a lover and a gentleman."

The story is a series of experiences most brilliantly told, each chapter making a story in itself. They are exceedingly thrilling, and for those who love tales of love, murder, revenge, courage, and bravery, honor and dishonor, they cannot fail to be full of fascination.

The fourth volume of American Orations has just been issued by the Putnams. These, as The Blade has said before, are studies in American political history edited first by the late Professor Alexander Johnston and then re-edited with texteral notes by Prof. James A. Woodburn. This one deals with four great subjects of discussion in our history—the Civil War and Reconstruction, Free Trade and Protection, Finance and Civil Service Reform. In the Civil War division, in place of the speech of Mr. Schurtz on the Democratic War Policy, the spirited discussion between Breckenridge and Boker on the suppression of insurrection has been substituted. The scene was full of historic and dramatic interest.

Beauty and Hygiene is a treatise upon the cultivation and preservation of physical beauty. It is a series of seventeen brief chapters, each one devoted to some one feature. The beauty to be obtained does not come from the use of nostrums, but from an intelligent application of hygienic laws. The cosmetic value of pure air and water, appropriate diet and exercise is carefully explained. Numerous recipes are scattered through the volume for trifling maladies and for the making of pure cosmetics. It is prettily published by Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Six Cups of Chocolate is A Piece of Gossip in One Act, by Edith W. B. Matthews. The theme of this little comedy hinges upon the fact that six young women (each of an entirely different temperament from the others) have flirted with a young collegian of their set, and each believes him to be university man of her. They meet at tea, and, discovering that the young man has been writing the same letter to all six, they resolve upon a plan of action. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Koheleth is a novel by Lewis Austin Storrs. The scene is laid for the most part in the city of London, Conn., in the days when the merchant marine and whaling service is seeing decadent days. Two of the principal characters are presented, one as bold, aggressive, confident, successful; the other timid, doubting and dissatisfied. There is an unexplored mystery of the Sheldon House which throws a weird spell over the story, and especially over Irene, the heroine. The name is suggested by certain parts of Ecclesiastes. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York City.

A Previous Engagement is a comedy by W. D. Howells. The following is an outline of the plot: Phillipa is about to become engaged to Mr. Camp, but hesitates to betroth herself to him because she had formerly been engaged to another man; of this she tells Mr. Camp. It develops that Camp had likewise been bound by an earlier attachment, and complicates matters by confessing frankly that he would probably never have said anything about this to Phillipa had it not been for her acknowledgement. The matter is finally straightened out, in Mr. Howell's felicitous style, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Lo-to-kah, by Verner Z. Reed, is a volume made up of six stories with the following titles: Lo-to-kah the Uncivilized; The Witch of Ranch Soledod; Lo-to-kah and the Golden Woman; Lo-to-kah and the Witch; The Death of Lo-to-kah; and The Vision of the Witch. As the titles show, there is something of the supernatural entering into them all, as it would naturally in order to be in accord with the Indian thought. Lo-to-tah is the hero, a savage who rescues his lady love from great danger. The end is a happy marriage. The book is well written and will be sure to interest those who believe there are hidden powers in man. Continental Publishing Co., New York City.

—People buy Hood's Sarsaparilla year after year because it does them good. It will do you good to take it now.

BRIEF NOTES OF NOTABLES.

The craze for things Scottish has invaded Africa. The sultan of Morocco has engaged a "braw highlandman" to play the bagpipes at his court.

It is said that Col. E. D. Simms, of Kentucky, whose political disabilities have just been removed by Congress, is the "last of the unreconstructed rebels."

Mlle. Couedon, the Paris young woman who is in communication with the angel Gabriel, has entered into Belgium, where the bishop of Liege has given her his benediction.

The old George IV. tavern in Portugal street, London, which Dickens commentators united in saying in the house which the novelist described in "Pickwick," has just been sold at auction for £7,750.

Ben Hogan, the retired pugilist, proves himself a handy man in relieving the distress prevailing among the unemployed in Chicago. He conducts a mission there and feeds from 1,000 to 1,500 persons a day.

For inoculating the Russian empress and her son Paul against smallpox in 1768, Baron Dimsdale received $50,000 as a fee, $10,000 for expenses and an annuity of $2,500, while, in addition to all this he was granted the title of Baron. This was just 80 years before Jenner's discovery of vaccination, for which parliament granted him $150,000 altogether.

Responsibility.

"And you didn't eat the captive? Now, I'll engage civilization was responsible for that." The savage sighed.

"Yes," he answered; "it was the cook's day out."—Truth.

Right Sort of Job.

Odious Oliver—Ef I had de right sort of job I'd go to work.

Moldy Mike—You s'prise me, Ollie. Wot sort o' job would you work at?

Odious Oliver—I'd like to be in one o' dem places where dey "do de rest" for ammytoor photographers.—New York World.

Good morning. Have you read Thos. Slater's offer for men on page 2?

OUR NEW 1897 FLOWER SEED OFFER!

A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS 306 Varieties, FREE!

An Unparalleled Offer by an Old-Established and Reliable Publishing House! THE LADIES' WORLD is a large, 24-page, 56-column, illustrated Magazine for ladies and the family circle, with elegant cover printed in colors. It is devoted to Stories, Poems, Ladies' Fancy Work, Home Decoration, Housekeeping, Fashions, Hygiene, Juvenile Reading, Floriculture, etc. To introduce this charming ladies' magazine into 100,000 homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following colossal offer: Upon receipt of only Twenty Cents in silver or stamps, we will send The Ladies' World for Six Months, and to each subscriber we will also send, Free and post-paid, a large and magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, 306 Varieties, as follows:

1 Packet Single Dahlia Rose-marked, mixed brilliancy of colorings; large size and fine form. Blooms from June to October.

1 packet Cosmos (mixed), comprising all colors and shades, from purest white to deep crimson. The flowers are large, beautifully formed, and borne in great numbers in the fall.

1 packet Mignonette, the most delightfully fragrant of all flowers; easily grown and invaluable for cutting.

1 packet Dishcloth Gourd. An ornamental climber of rapid growth, producing large yellow flowers and long green fruit, the inside of which is used for dishcloths.

1 packet Sweet Peas. Fifty named varieties, including the most recent introductions, such as Alice Eckford, Captivation, Crown Jewel, Dorothy Eckford, Countess of Cadogan, Duchess of Sutherland, Emily Henderson, Gorgeous, Lottie Eckford, Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Sankey, Princess of Wales, Prima Donna, Splendor, Triumph, Venus, Waved Wings, White Cloud, Wild Rose, and Zebra. Remember, two packets of the Magazine and Six Months, and this entire magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds (306 varieties), but up by a first-class, reliable and well-established firm. No matter how many flower seeds you have purchased for this season, you cannot afford to miss this wonderful offer. We guarantee every subscriber more than the value of money sent, and will refund your money and make you a present of the seeds if you are not entirely satisfied. This offer is reliable. Do not confound it with the catch-penny schemes of unscrupulous persons. We have been established over 20 years, and refer to the Commercial Agencies as to our responsibility. Sample copy, premium and six Seed Collections sent for $1.00. Address

S. H. MOORE & CO., 23 City Hall Place, New York

A MAY DAY CHEVIOT.

Bright, Pretty, Lightweight Dress for the First Warm Day of Springtime.

A light-weight cheviot, one that will launder, is a delight to the summer soul. Age cannot wither nor custom stale its neatness. By detaching the trimmings the cheviot skirt can be made just as good as new in the laundry.

A six-gored skirt of striped brown and

A "WASH" CHEVIOT.

black, upon a pale blue ground can be trimmed with rows of turquoise satin each finished with a paste button in the middle. This makes a sufficient skirt trimming.

The waist can well be of the plain blue satin, if a nice gown is desired, with sleeves tight to the wrist, and finished with a chiffon ruffle.

A summer wrap to go with this is made of white satin panels embroidered in iridescent beads. Upon the shoulders may be set a rosette of satin edged chiffon with a large wing of the same.

Hats are of lace straw of heavy weave. They are large and are almost invariably tipped over the face. The spring trimming is flowers, the favorite being of the same color as the straw.

New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc.—Free to Our Readers.

Our readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, has proven an assured cure for all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disordered action of the kidneys or bladder. This great new medical discovery, with a record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific just as quinine is in malaria. Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, testifies in the New York Christian Witness that Alkavis completely cured him of Kidney and bladder disease of many years' standing. Many ladies also testify to its curative powers in diseases peculiar to womanhood. So far the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 418 Fourth avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of The Blade who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints or other affliction due to improper action of the kidneys or Urinary troubles. Write at once all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

DARING DASH FOR A FERRY.

Gait of a Girl Near the Golden Gate Would Make Maud S. Feel Late.

Miss Marrowfat lives in Oakland, says the San Francisco Call. That is not her name, of course, but it will do, because the title cloaks a real identity. She has the intrepid spirit of Hannibal in Italy, Napoleon crossing the Alps, Cæsar in Britain, Bolivar leading his army, Grant in the wilderness, and Dr. Mary Walker—all in one. She would certainly not shrink from taming lions alongside of and in competition with Mrs. Leo Hunter. Moreover, she probably would not shriek if she saw a mouse—if it had a string tied to it. "Fear," she contemptuously says, "belongs to the weaker sex," meaning man.

Miss Marrowfat is about her daring ride on a bicycle, an up-to-late A1 wheel, with all the modern fixings and appurtenances, a wheel to depend upon in an emergency.

The deck officers of one of the Oakland ferry boats had signaled to go out from the pier at the foot of Market street, one day the past week. The boat started to move at the customary rate toward the Athens of the Pacific. Seemingly all the passengers were on board; but no, just as the wheels began to turn Miss Marrowfat appeared riding her trusty wheel directly toward the boat. Her small feet moved regularly and speedily.

"Hi!" said a warning shot.

"Stop!" yelled a deckhand.

"Turn back!" groaned an excited passenger.

Miss Marrowfat never turns back. On she went at headlong speed across the apron of the slip. She was off her wheel and leaping boldly in the midst of a crowd. An impetuous deckhand seized her wheel, leaping for it. An equally impetuous deckhand seized her person to prevent her from falling. To the two deckhands she turned with a sweet smile and thanks. Her hat was on a little awry, but she only smiled. Her hair was rumpled, but she did not frown. Her face was flushed, but she was not ashamed. She was as cool as Sheridan on his Winchester ride.

"Gosh!" said a bystander, "but she is an angel!"

A bur-r-d is what I call her," responded the officer of the deck. She will long be known to the crew as the young woman who could not be prevented from catching her boat by fear of a dip in the bay.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Caked Bag in Cow.

Subscriber, Missouri: There are several causes of caked bag or garget in milch cows. The inflammation generally attacks one or two quarters, and manifests itself by swelling, heat and pain. The inflamed parts frequently pass into suppuration breaking down their structure with resultant hard, cartilaginous substances. If there is any fever in the udder, give ¾ lb. Epsom salts, and an ounce of pulverized saltpetre in the drinking water morning and evening for three days. Dry food that does not produce milk should be given until the danger is over. Milk at least three times a day. Rub into the quarter affected with hand friction, this: Four ozs. glycerine and 1 drachm iodide of potassium, dissolved in just sufficient water to make the solution. This will soften the part. Knead the part gently with the fingers. Previous to rubbing in the solution, foment the quarter affected with warm water and wipe it perfectly dry.

Rubs Her Tail and Mane.

D. H., Pennsylvania: Your mare is troubled with parasites of microscopic dimensions. There are three kinds of these insects. Oil all parts affected with sweet oil. After this has been on for an hour wash it off with warm water and soft soap to remove the scabs and scurf. Dry thoroughly, and apply this: Sulphur, 4 ozs.; oil of tar, 2 ozs.; linseed oil, ½ pint. The stall in which the animal is kept must be cleaned well of all bedding, and new bedding put in its place. Feed bran mashes to keep the bowels natural, if the mare shows the least constipation. Be careful about giving much medicine. There are too many condition powders and medicines of different kinds given to horses throughout the country, as frequently, without consulting a veterinarian, positive harm results.

Butter Will Not Come.

S. S. H., North Carolina: It is claimed by some writers that rag weed, which your cow has eaten, will cause the milk to taste bitter. But as the butter will not come from her milk, the indications are that the bitterness comes from too much alkalinity or acid, the cause being affected condition of the blood. Stop feeding the rag weed, and also, for a time, the cotton seed, as this is an exciting element if fed too freely. A proper amount of it, when the cow is in the best of health, is excellent. Give her a pound of sulphate of magnesia in three pints of warm water. This may be given through a drenching horn. After this operates for two weeks give a daily dose of 1 oz. hyposulphite of soda, sprinkled over scalded bran or cut feed. Remember that in skimming the cream off from the milk, there should be milk enough skimmed in with the cream to give the butter a bright look and cream skimmed from different milkings, if churned at the same time, in one churn, should be mixed 8 or 10 hours before churning. If cream be churned too rapidly it will not make butter, as the globules are broken. Nor should the process be too slow. About 43 to 44 strokes of the dashers per minute are good butter. If it takes half an hour to churn, or even three-quarters of an hour, it will not be too long.

Cow Poor—Coughs—Wart on Test.

M. V. W., West Virginia: Your cow is suffering from a disordered condition of the blood. Give her a dose of 1 lb. sulphate of magnesia in three pints of warm water. After this operates, give sulphate of iron, 2 drachms, powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm; powdered gentian, 1 oz. Give the above quantity daily for a week, as a drench. After this amount is taken suspend for a week and resume it for another week. If the wart on the teat that bleeds is no larger than a grain of corn, take a pair of sharp scissors and snip it off. Then touch the sore with a stick of lunar caustic, oil the part, and repeat the caustic, if the wart shows signs of renewed growth.

Fistula in Mare's Shoulder.

I. N., Kansas: Protect the part affected from pressure. As the disease has, no doubt, by this time reached a condition where pus is formed, find where there is fluctuating in the abscess, and make an incision with a sharp knife, low down, so that the pus may freely escape. Syringe the abscess with chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint. Give good care, and a tonic composed of citrate of iron and ammonia, 6 drachms. Powder it and divide into 12 powders. Give one of these twice a day in a mash.

Lost Control of Its Hind Parts.

E. S. M., Pennsylvania: In case of a hog that is sufficiently fat to be killed, the best thing you can do will be to kill it, as complications may arise that will soon reduce the hog in flesh. It is a most difficult matter to bring a hog out of a break down when fat. By reducing it in flesh and going through treatment that might last for some time the lameness might be overcome, but this is quite uncertain. The most profitable thing you can do will be to kill the hog for market, as break down does not prevent the flesh from being good.

Disease in Texas Steer.

J. D. M., Wyoming: Your 2-year old Texas steers seems to have died from a complication of diseases. The facts that the cavity which contains the stomach and the heart and lung cavities were full of water and that the steer was affected with dropsy of the abdomen, superinduced by peretinitis. The animal must have been wet, or in a situation where it became chilled by cold. The fact that there were copious discharges from the nose, like a horse with a severe case of distemper was evident that the steer had catarrhal fever, a disease in which the respiratory and digestive organs are involved. The cause of this affection is not certainly known. Authorities believe that it is a disease due to micro-organisms, perhaps belonging to the bacteria. It is not a disease that spreads to any extent. It generally occurs in the spring. There is marked dullness, head droops, and the eyes are affected. Inflammation of the mucous membrane of the mouth, nose and sinuses of the head lead to discharges from the nose and mouth. There is no specific treatment for this disease, and the animal would not have recovered under any treatment or cure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Replies to Rex and Titus.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In reply to "Rex—S. M." my advice would be to use the hedge willow, as it will make a quicker growth and root far deeper and denser than the osage orange. He can procure cuttings and place a small potato on the end and plant just where he wishes them to grow, about one foot apart is the proper distance, or a better plan to stop the banks from washing would be to plant two rows about two feet from each other, and about eighteen inches apart in the rows, each plant set zigzag to the one in the opposite row (like this . . . . .). Tell "Titus 2-13" that the seed in the red cedar berry can be sprouted by planting one inch deep in fall and letting them freeze during the winter, keeping ground well moistened, or they can be soaked in hot water until the outer layer of hard shell splits open and then planted in a warm, moist location. The tree is easy of growth if planted in its natural soil, viz.: A mucky swamp, and in such a location requires no care. They can be transplanted when large enough to suit one's fancy but must be set deeper in the ground by at least three inches than they formerly grew and must not have any manure but forest leaves or moss.—C., Michigan. [There is a letter from C. in the hands of the editor of The Blade Farmstead for H. G. S. on cranberry vines, which will be sent to him by sending his full address to this office. The editor has mislaid the address.—Ed.]

How He Kills Moles.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I thought I would tell the readers of The Blade how I kill moles. I tried putting strychnine in potatoes and carrots and killed a few, but most of them did not care for either. Then I soaked some field corn in water until it was soft, then I took a sharp stick and ran it in the germ end of the kernel, and put in a little strychnine and

Talmage's Sermon.

VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.

"Without Shedding of Blood is No Remission."—Heb. ix:22.

Washington, March 22.—From many conditions of life Dr. Talmage in his sermon, draws graphic illustrations of one of the sublimest theories of religion, namely, vicarious sacrifice. His text was Hebrews, ix. 22: "Without shedding of blood is no remission."

John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains, one morning after prayer, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "The fountain filled with blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians, and all physiologists, and all scientists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter-house religion," only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified.

The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed, or trickled, or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up, and forever disappeared; and if man had depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ, there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries.

In order to understand this red word of my text, we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history; when I could take you out into this city, and before sundown point out five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation, and wear and tear, to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank from that shop, from the scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks away, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. There is simply the shadow of a homestead, for which he wins bread, and wardrobe and education, and prosperity, and in such battle ten thousand men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At 1 o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household error to keep a subdued lighting; but most of the houses, from base to top, are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window casement is a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child; the food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point observed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy, and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption; some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial indisposition; but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well, and starts him again, and hopes, and expects, and prays, and counsels, and suffers, until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words: "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About 36 years ago there went forth from our Northern and Southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war vanished, and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee deep in mud. They slept in snowbanks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field of battle, and got it not. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in farms, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one there but the infinite God who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length, and breadth and depth, and height of the anguish of the Northern and Southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemic. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended to in these Northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some phials of medicine, and leaves his patients here to the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail-train. Before he gets to the infected region he passes crowded rail-trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrightened population. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from conch to conch, feeling of the pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow physician says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after the patients. He is told to lie down; but he fights his attendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he has no kinship, and far away from his home, and is hastily put into a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said: "I was sick and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846 William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent, save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible, and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words:

"I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged the prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense, or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile disarms my curses in the face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says 'God bless you!' as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their ill-suppressed censures and their excited fears, and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow men, where even in his heart, I can look to find a sentiment, a thought, not to say of reward or of acknowledgment, or even of recognition? Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before heaven and you that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own."

The gallows got its victim, but the post mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that public opinion was wrong, that William H. Seward was right, and that hard, stony step of obloquy in the Auburn court room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sub imer was ever seen in an American court room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the fury of the populace and the loathsome imbecile.

Substitution!

In the realm of the fine arts there was as remarkable an instance. A brilliant but hypercriticized painter, Joseph William Turner, was met by a volley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings, which have since won the applause of all civilized nations, "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist," and "Dido Building Carthage," were then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man, a young author of twenty-four years, just one year out of college, came forth with his pen, and wrote the ablest and most famous essays on art that the world ever saw or ever will see—John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For seventeen years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after, in poverty and broken-heartedness, the painter had died, and the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a big funeral and burial in St. Paul's cathedral, his old time friend took out of a tin box 19,000 pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through many weary and uncompensated months assorted and arranged them for public observation. People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misanthropic, and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do, and whatever he may say that he ought not to say between now and his death, he will leave a world indebted as it has at no other capacity to pay this author's pen for its chivalric and Christian defense of a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for blood. Substitution!

What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetic canto, or moves nations. The principle is the dominant one in our religion—Christ the martyr. Christ the celestial hero. Christ the defender. Christ the substitute. No new principle, for it was as old as human nature, but now on a grander, wider, higher, deeper and more world-resounding scale. The shepherd boy as a champion for Israel with a sling toppled the giant of Philistine braggadocio in the dust; but here is another David who, for all the armies of churches militant and triumphant, hurls the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazen armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at God's command agreed to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the same God just in time had provided a ram of the thicket as a substitute; but here is another Isaac bound to the altar, and no hand arrests the sharp edges of laceration and death, and the unutterable shivers and quakes and recoils and groans at the horror.

All good men have for centuries been trying to tell whom this substitute was like, and every comparison, inspired and uninspired, evangelistic, prophetic, apostolic, and human, falls short, for Christ was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ, because he came directly from God; Noah a type of Christ, because he delivered his own family from the deluge; Melchisedec a type of Christ, because he had no predecessor or successor; Joseph a type of Christ, because he was cast out by his brethren; Moses a type of Christ, because he was a deliverer from bondage; Samson a type of Christ, because of his strength to slay the lions and carry off the iron gates of impossibility; Solomon a type of Christ, in the affluence of his dominion; Jonah a type of Christ, because of the stormy sea in which he threw himself for the rescue of others; but put together Adam and Noah and Melchisedec and Joseph and Moses and Joshua and Samson and Solomon and Jonah, and they would not make a fragment of a Christ, a quarter of a Christ, the half of a Christ, or the millionth part of a Christ.

He forsook a throne and sat down on his own footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation, and changed a circumference seraphic for a circumference diabolic. Once waited on by angels, now hissed at by brigands. From afar and high up he came down; past meteors swifter than they, by starry thrones, himself more lustrous; past larger worlds to smaller worlds; down stairs of firmaments, and from cloud to cloud, and through treetops and into the camel's stall, to thrust his shoulder under our burdens and take the lances of pain through his vitals, and wrapped himself in all the agonies which were deserve for our misdoings, and stood on the splitting decks of a foundering vessel, amid the drenching surf of a sea, and passed midnights on the mountains amid wild beasts of prey, and stood at the portal where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on him at once with their keen sabers—out Substitute!

When did attorney ever endure so much for a pauper client, or physician for patient in the lazaretto, or mother for child in membraneous croup, as Christ for us, as Christ for you, as Christ for me? Shall any man or woman or child in this audience who has ever suffered for another find it hard to understand this Christly suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrung in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was picked out of all the ages of eternity as most conspicuous, when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under his one arm, and all his sorrows under his other arm, and said: "I will atone for those under my right arm, and heal all those under my left arm. Strike me with all thy glittering shafts, O Eternal Justice! Roll over me with all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow!" And the thunderbolts struck him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and then and there in presence of heaven and earth and hell, yea, all worlds witnessing the price, the bitter price, the transcendent price, the awful price, the glorious price, the eternal price, was paid that set us free.

That is what Paul means, that is what I mean, that is what all those who have ever had their heart changed mean by "blood." I glory in this religion of blood! I am thrilled as I see the suggestive color in sacramental cup, whether it be of burnished silver set on cloth immaculately white, or rough bowl from wood set on table in log hut, or meeting house of the wilderness. Now I am thrilled as I see the altars of ancient sacrifice, crimson with the blood of the slain lamb, and Leviticus is to me not so much the Old Testament as the New. Now I see why the destroying angel passing over Egypt in the night spared all those houses that had blood sprinkled on their doorposts. Now I know what Isaiah means when he speaks of "one in red apparel coming with dyed garments from Bozrah;" and whom the Apocalypse means when it describes a heavenly chieftain whose "vesture was dipped in blood;" and what Peter the apostle means when he speaks of the "precious blood that cleanseth from all sin;" and what the old, worn-out, decrepit missionary Paul means when in my text he cries, "Without the shedding of blood is no remission." By that blood you and I can be saved or never saved at all. Glory be to God that the hill back of Jerusalem was the battlefield on which Christ achieved our liberty!

The most exciting and overpowering day of one summer was the day I spent on the battlefield of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, Belgium, we arrived in about an hour on that famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle, and who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene recited, accompanied us over the field. There stood the old Hougomont chateau, the walls dented and scratched, and broken, and shattered by grape shot and cannon ball. There is the well in which three hundred dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which, for many hours, English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the one hundred and sixty guns of the English and the two hundred and fifty guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian Hussars fled for the woods, and were cut down. Yonder is the village of Ohain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, tumbling into one mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the beastly groan kept up until, the day after, all was shoveled under because of the malodor arising in that hot month of June.

"There," said our guide, "the Highland regiments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to avenge the fate of their countrymen. Two and a half hours that orchard twenty-five hundred men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed of a sword, and his hat off, and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried: 'Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battlefield.' From yonder direction Grouchy was expected for the French re-enforcement, but he came not.

"Around those woods Blucher was locked for to reinforce the English, and just in time he came up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arm through the reins of the horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back." Scene from a battle that went on from twenty-five minutes to 12 o'clock on the 18th of June, until 4 o'clock, when the English seemed defeated, and their commander cried out: "Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember old England!" and the tide turned, and at 8 o'clock in the evening the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart, and the fate of centuries was decided.

No wonder a great mound has been reared there, hundreds of feet high—a mound at the expense of millions of dollars and many years in rising, and on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is. But our great Waterloo was in Palestine. There came a day when all hell rode up, led by Apollyon, and the captain of our salvation confronted them alone. The rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse going against the black horse cavalry of death, and the battalions of the demoniac, and the myrmidons of darkness. From 12 o'clock at noon to 3 o'clock in the afternoon the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our chieftain, and the battle axes struck him until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incarnadined with oozing life; but he fought on until he gave a final stroke, and the commander-in-chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory is ours. And on the mound that celebrates the triumph we plant this day two figures, not in bronze or iron or sculptured marble, but two figures of living light, the Lion of Judah's tribe and the Lamb that was slain.

Polite Neighbors.

"Our neighbors are very polite," said Mrs. Perkaste to her husband when he came home at night.

"Are they?"

"Yes; I sent to borrow their stepladder and they told me they hadn't one, but if I'd wait awhile they'd send and buy me one."—Harper's Bazar.

Easily Fixed.

"Is this wine of the famous 1895 vintage?"

"Alas, no! It is of the year 1864."

"That's easily remedied. Why not keep it a year longer?"—Pilogende Blaster.

Now is when you need Scott's Emulsion, especially if you had the Grippe, and the system is depleted and you are virtually exhausted. A tonic won't do. You need the combined food and tonic properties of Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites and Glycerine. It will give you flesh and strength, and tone up your nervous system in a manner that will almost surprise you. Ask your doctor about it, if you will. His word will strengthen ours.

A LETTER TO WOMEN

From Mrs. James Corrigan.

For seventeen years I have suffered. Periods were so very painful that I would have to go to the doctor every month.

He said that I had an enlargement of the womb, and told my husband that I must undergo an operation, as I had tumors in the womb, and it was a case of life or death.

I was operated upon twice, but it did not seem to do me any good, it made me very weak. I was troubled with the leucorrhœa a great deal.

I also suffered with the sick headache, vomiting spells, backache all the time, terrible pain in my left side, chills, loss of appetite, and could not sleep nights. After taking several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, some Liver Pills, and using your Sanative Wash, I recovered.

I can eat well, and every one that sees me tells me I am a different person. I can do all my own work, sleep well and feel well. I am growing stronger every day, and am able to go out and enjoy a walk and not feel all tired out when I return, as I used to. I doctored for sixteen years, and in all those years I did not feel as well as I do at the present time. I wish that every woman that is troubled as I was, would try that medicine. Oh! it is so good to feel well, and it is all owing to Mrs. Pinkham's kind advice and medicine.

—MRS. JAMES CORRIGAN, 284 Center St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Bad Spelling.

"Bridget," said the lady of the house, "I wish you would be more careful about your spelling. You spell 'bread' with two d's."

"Sure, mum, I thought it was necessary, as there is two of us eats it."—Tit-Bits.

Ungrammatical.

"Mamma, may I have a piece of pie?"

"Yes, if you say it correctly."

"Mamma, may I have a piece of pie if I say it correctly?"—Tit-Bits.

Not Necessary.

"Do you believe in the doctrine of predestination?" asked the serious man.

"Not at all," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "I believe in the doctrine of getting there."—Washington Star.

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IN FRONT OF A LOCOMOTIVE

An Experience That Beats Football for Making a Man Hungry.

The youthful engineer who has just been graduated from college is likely to remember the incidents of his first ride on a real steam engine longer than some of the lessons he took four years to learn at the university.

"I went up to New York the other day on my first engine test," said a young M. E. of Philadelphia, who is in the employ of a locomotive works. "It was a novel and interesting experience, and one I very much enjoyed. But then a fellow could enjoy almost any old thing after working four months in the grime and dirt and grease of the shop at the mumminent rate of eight cents an hour. I suppose I ought to consider myself lucky to have secured any sort of work when times were as hard as they were this summer. Probably half the men that were graduated with me last spring would be glad to have my chance, but still it rather goes against the grain. At the rate of 8 cents an hour, we make only 64 cents a day, $3.84 a week, when we work eight hours a day for six days in the week. But often we don't get that chance. Before election not many engines were being built, and sometimes I didn't work more than twenty-five hours a week. Then I earned the magnificent sum of $2 in seven days.

"The engine we tested was made last spring for the Jersey Central railroad to haul the Royal Blue Express from New York to Washington. The engineer of tests and I rode from Philadelphia in an engine cab to Jersey City, where the engine we were to test, No. 456, was waiting for us in the round house. It was a beauty, a great shining iron beast, with drivers 84 inches high. It had been brought to the round house the day before, and the mechanics had trued up or lined up its cross-head guides. We placed the indicators in the cylinder, coaled our engine, filled the water tank, backed into the station, hitched to our train, and were all ready to start when the time came.

"The engineer of tests and I took our places on the front of the engine on the right hand side. He read the draught gauge and speed, and I sat on top of the cylinder taking indicator cards. You haven't any idea of the breeze created by a train running at the rate of more than a mile a minute until you get out on the front end of an engine. The engine cab is a calm and sequestered retreat in comparison. It seemed to me that we were tearing the very heart out of the wind. The engine under me snorted and panted and quivered like a wild animal in a rage as it sprang forward wildly into space, shrieking shrilly half the time. The wind smote my cheeks like the blow of a sharp blade. My eyes smarted with smoke and tears that the wind drew. But for all that it was glorious—the very apotheosis of motion. The landscape rushed past me like a frightened thing. Farms, towns, rivers, the earth, the sky. All was an indescribable blur. At times I wondered if the iron monster wasn't running away. And then I thought of the darky who said he'd rather be in a railroad disaster than a steamboat smashup, for in the former case, 'Dar you is!' but in the latter 'Whar is you?'

"I must have been a funny sight for the birds on the telegraph wires as I dashed past them on the top of that cylinder. I fancy I looked like a dropsical brownie. I had on two pairs of trousers, a flannel shirt, two vests, two sweaters, and a coat, besides a lot of heavy underclothing. I wore a cap that came down over my neck and ears, and my feet were wrapped up in coffee sacks, until they were as big as a water bucket. The only parts that the atmosphere got a chance at were my cheeks and my hands. I had to have the fingers cut out of my mittens in order to handle the indicator cards.

"When we reached Elizabeth we discovered that one of our cross-head guides was getting hot, if had probably been lined up wrong. We stopped, oiled it up well and started again, but it troubled us so that we had to slow down considerably, and by the time we reached Belle Meade it was almost hot. That ended our test for that day. We took off our engine and let the train proceed with a switch engine we picked up at Belle Meade, while he backed 456 into Jersey City. It was 7 o'clock at night by the time we had left our traps off the engine and were ready to start for home. We hadn't had a bite to eat since morning. Well, I used to think after a football game that I knew what it was to be hungry and stiff, but my ride on that engine cylinder convinced me that I had previously had only the faintest conception of what hunger and weariness mean."—New York Sun.

The People Are Convinced

When they read the testimonials of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are written by honest men and women, and are plain, straightforward statements of fact. The people have confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla because they know it actually and permanently cures, even when other medicines fail.

HOOD'S PILLS are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

A MIND READER.

His Honor Knew What His Private Secretary Thought.

"Job," said his honor, holding beneath his nose a bunch of flowers which had been left on his desk a few minutes before by a city hall bride, says the New York Journal, "did you know that I am a bit of a mind reader?"

"I did not know it," answered the private secretary, "but if you say so, of course——"

"I will prove it to you," interrupted his honor, chuckling gleefully. "I will tell you what was in your mind a few minutes ago, Job. You remember that when I finished the marriage ceremony the pretty bride stepped forward and presented her cheek for me to kiss?"

"Yes, I remember," stammered the private secretary, his cheeks flushing.

"And you remember how I merely shook her hand and did not accept the invitation?"

"I do," answered the private secretary with a regretful sigh.

"Well," continued his honor, "the moment I turned away from the girl I caught sight of your face and I'll bet you a pound of the best fine cut that I can tell you what were your thoughts at the moment."

The private secretary blushed, hung his head and mumbled something.

"Ha! ha!" his honor chuckled, "you don't want to hear your thoughts repeated, eh? Well, I am going to repeat them anyhow. At the moment I turned away from that pretty girl you were thinking: 'What a blanked fool the old man is!' Come, now, isn't that so?"

The private secretary saw it was useless to enter a denial, so he fled to his desk. And so agitated was he that in the next five minutes he missed the cuspidor three times in succession.

FOR THROAT DISEASES Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cents. Sold only in boxes.

BRILLIANTS.

Ah, wife of mine, whose clinging hand I hold,
Shrink you before the Now or at the Old?
And those Barriers that bold the silence vast—
Look they upon the Future or the Past?
—Richard Underwood Johnson.

Press bravely onward! no! in vain
Your generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.
—Whittier.

Let not the drifted snow of lilies white
Press my dead heart but roses red as flame;
It will be morning then; the stormy night
Gone like the discards of some martial strain
Heard all too near—in the dim distance sweet,
O rose of life! that struggled to the light,
At last unfolding, beautiful, complete,
To bud and bloom for ever in Her sight.
—Helen Hinsdale Rich.

Pity the old who die:
The young behind them leave
Such beauteous grief wherein
Fate holds they should not grieve.
Heart racked with many a sign,
Wounded with many a scar,
Pity the old who die:
The young are happier far!
—Edgar Fawcett.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
—Sir Walter Scott.

THE APPEARING LADY.

Secret of a Pretty Stage Trick Now Shown in Europe.

Of the many new illusions now being presented in Europe, an ingenious one is that of the appearing lady, says the Scientific American, the invention of that clever Hungarian magician Buatier de Kolta.

On the stage is seen a plain, round-top four-leg table, which the magician has been using as a resting place for part of

TABLE READY FOR THE APPEARANCE.

the apparatus used in his magical performance. Eventually, the performer removes all articles from the table and covers it with a cloth that does not reach the floor. The first cut represents the table in this condition. On command, the cloth gradually raises from the center of the table as though something were pushing it up. In a few moments it becomes very evident that some one or something is on the table covered by the cloth. The magician now removes the cloth and a lady is seen standing on the table, as in the second illustration.

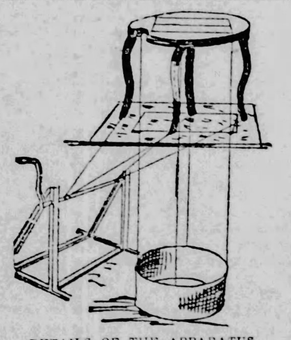
The secret of this, as in all good illusions, is very simple, as the third illustration will show. In the stage there is a trap door, over which is placed a fancy rug that has a piece removed from it exactly the same size as the trap, to which the piece is fastened. When the trap is closed the rug appears to be an ordinary one. The table is placed directly over the trap. Below the stage is a box, open at the top, with cloth sides and wood bottom. To this box are attached four very fine wires, that lead up through the stage by means of small holes where the trap and floor join; over small pulleys in frame of table and down through table legs, which are hollow, through the stage to a windlass. In the table top is a trap

THE APPEARING LADY—STAGE ILLUSION.

that divides in the center and opens outward. The top of the table is inlaid in such a manner as to conceal the edges of the trap. The lady takes her place in the box in a kneeling position, the assistant stands at the windlass, and all is ready.

The magician takes a large table cover and, standing at the rear of table, proceeds to cover it by throwing cloth over table, so that it reaches the floor in front of the table, then slowly draws it up over the table top. The moment that the cloth touches the floor in front of the table the trap is opened, and the box containing the lady is drawn up under the table by means of the windlass and the trap closed. This is done very quickly during the moment's time in which the magician is straightening out the cloth to draw it back over the table. All that now remains to be done is for the lady to open the trap in table and slowly take her place on top of the table and close the trap.

The top and bottom of the box by means of which the lady is placed under



DETAILS OF THE APPARATUS.

the table are connected by means of three strong elastic cords placed inside of the cloth covering. These elastics are for the purpose of keeping the bottom and top frame of the box together, except when distended by the weight of the lady. Thanks to this arrangement of the box, it folds up as the lady leaves it for her position on the table top, and is concealed inside of the frame of the table after her weight is removed from it.

—Keep it always in the house—it's the best life and health insurance, especially for children and old people, who are liable to catch their death from "Colds"—Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

If bilious, take Jayne's Painless Sanative Pills.

For His Comrade's Good.

Perry Patettic—"I must say I like your manners, Takin' a drink yourself before you offer me any."

Wayworn Watson—"Done it for your own good, bubby. Don't you know all the temperance preachers tell us the first drink is the one that leads to all the trouble?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Literally.

"How did your friend's speculation come out?"

"You mean the one who put up the apartment houses?"

"Yes."

"Flat failure."—Yonkers Statesman.

Profitable Flattery.

Ted—"How did that Englishnobleman manage to borrow the money from Chollie?"

Ned—"On being introduced he asked him if he wasn't born on the other side."—Judge.

An Explanation.

Dora—"That was an awfully sweet cane Dollie gave Chollie for his birthday."

Della—"I wondered why he kept it in his mouth all the time!"—Exchange.

Practice Makes Perfect.

Gamboge—Do you write much for the magazines nowadays?

Sienna—Well, yes, in proportion to the amount I get into them.—Boston Transcript.

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The Sunday School.

Peter Working Miracles.

LESSON 1, APRIL 4, 1897.

Golden Text: Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—Acts 9:34.

(Acts 9:32-43.)

32. And it came to pass, as Peter passed throughout all quarters, he came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda.

33. And there he found a certain man named Eneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy.

34. And Peter said unto him, Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately.

35. And all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord.

36. Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.

37. And it came to pass in those days, that she was sick, and died: whom when they had washed, they laid her in an upper chamber.

38. And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them.

39. Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them.

40. But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes: and when she saw Peter, she sat up.

41. And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up: and when he had called the saints and widows, he presented her alive.

42. And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed in the Lord.

43. And it came to pass, that he tarried many days in Joppa with one Simon a tanner.

Illustrative Applications.

He came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda (v. 32). The title "saints" is worth thinking of. It were better if Christians applied it more constantly to themselves, and appreciated the real meaning of it. To be a saint is to be a person consecrated, peculiarly set apart to Jesus Christ. Precisely that a Christian is, if he is anything. "Saint" is the steady New Testament designation of the Christian. And when you get at the real meaning of the word, especially set apart to Jesus Christ, at once the appropriateness of the title becomes evident. To be a saint is to have willingly set one's self apart to the love and service of our Lord. It does not all imply or suggest a sinless perfection. Here is a boy at school or college. He is consecrated to, set apart to, getting the education the institution can furnish him. The moment he matriculates himself, that moment he is thus set part. It does not at all follow that he has become a finished scholar. It does follow that he has put himself in the way of becoming scholarly. To that end he has become consecrated. A saint is one who has sincerely entered himself in the school of Christ. He may, as yet, have made slight advance in spiritual scholarship. He is none the less a saint, because he has veritably set himself apart to the acquisition of it. Remember this. Saintship is the meaning of your Christianity. You are "called to be saints." You not be afraid of, or dissteem, your calling. Let the distinct significance of it gird you, spur you, entice you. It throws a flood of meaning on the Christian life,—the recognition that one is saint, set apart to Christ, one entered in the school of Christ, and whose duty therefore is the learning the lessons of, and the assimilation of character to, the Great Master. And you need not grow to become a saint. If you are a Christian, you are a saint, and even though you have not yet reached high degrees in saintship.

And Peter said unto him, Eneas, Jesus Christ healeth thee: arise, and make thy bed. And straightway he arose (v. 34). Beautiful illustration is here of what Jesus Christ will do for a man smitten with sin. Eneas was helpless. For eight years he had been unable. So sin smites a man with moral helplessness. As Eneas could not help himself, so a sinner cannot forgive himself, cannot put himself in right moral relation with God. Physical health is physical relation. That was the trouble with Eneas,—his palsied limbs were out of right relation with themselves, with the external world. Spiritual health is right spiritual relation with one's self, with the environing God. And as Eneas could not place himself in right relation, physical, so a sinner cannot himself replace himself in right relations spiritual. But Jesus Christ can do for a man what one cannot do himself. By his atonement and the energy of his gracious and regenerating Spirit he can, and will, if one will let him, reset the man in right spiritual relations, as, in this instance, he replaced Eneas in right relations physical. And immediately upon this resetting in right relations spiritual follows spiritual power. The bed which others must spread for Eneas, Eneas could now spread for himself. The moment Christ touches a man with regenerating energy, that moment he can—he can pray, love, serve, conquer, achieve. The very motions and actings of the spiritual life which had seemed impossible have become possible and delightful. And this follows at once. Sudden conversions are both possible and philosophical. And there is also beautiful suggestion here as to our function and ministry in the great matter. Peter could not himself heal the palsied man, but he could say, "Eneas, Jesus Christ healeth thee." That we can say. That it is given us to say. We can point to the great spiritual healer. Let us do it more. Let us, with an holy avarice, long for the utterance for doing it.

Hearing that Peter was there, sent two men unto him, entreating him. Delay not to come unto us (v. 38). It is a great thing to be the sort of a person whom people will naturally send for when they are in trouble. One can have no more benignant reputation than that of a help-bringer and trouble scatterer. You can only win the reputation as Peter did—by actually rendering assistance. Having helped about Eneas, could he not somehow help about Dorcas? But they never would have asked the question, had he not first helped about Eneas. I knew a man, in a certain city, whom everybody first thought of and wanted when they were in trouble. He had a great deal to do, but he got a great deal out of the doing it. How the people loved him, and the little children! What empire he had over their hearts! I am very sure at the last the Lord will say to him, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren even these least, ye did it unto me." And to have that said to us at last is to have achieved the highest possible success in the universe.

And Peter arose and went with them (v. 39). He did not dream about going, he actually went. There is a great deal of desire to be a help-bringer, there is far less choice to be such. Desire is of little use until it passes over into choice, and the signal of choice is action. I like much that snatch from Charles Kingsley:

"Do noble things,
Not dream them, all day long."

Showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made (v. 39). The tenses in the original is suggestive. The tense is the imperfect. So the literal translation would be: "The tunics and garments which Dorcas was making being with them." So the suggestion is that she was still at the loving ministry when disease and death smote her. To the last her heart and hands were benevolently busy. She did not take a rest. She pushed on to the latest breath. Death found her at her ministering. I think that is the way to live and the way to die. I should say that Dorcas was well to do. Evidently that was for her the more reason why she should do well, and keep on doing it. I have known people, who, having come into ampler peace, withdrew themselves, and simply rested and enjoyed. That is a poor way, I think, to treat the good gifts of God. Larger stewardship should make us better stewards.

And kneeled down, and prayed; and turning to the body, he said, Tabitha, arise (v. 40). To Christ he prayed. And so, through Christ, he wrought toward Dorcas even more wonderfully than toward Eneas. Let us not despair of even the apparently impossible. Let us pray, and then expect answer, even as Peter did when he turned to the dead body. Since David "In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee, and will keep watch;" that is, he will keep on the lookout for answer. We miss many answers to our prayers because we do not expectantly watch for them.—Weyland Hoyt, D. D., in Sunday School Times.

A GRENADINE OVERSKIRT

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THURSDAY MARCH 25, 1897.

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THE "REFUNDING ERA."

The New York Financial Chronicle thinks we are entering upon a new period in the history of railway indebtedness and the financial refunding dependent thereon. The recent refunding operations of the Lake Shore road have attracted very widespread attention among financial men both in the United States and in Europe. That road took up $50,000,000 of its bonds, bearing interest at 7 per cent, and replaced them with a similar volume of longer-time bonds bearing only 3½ per cent interest.

This was a most notable bit of financeering, showing admirable management of the Lake Shore; and, moreover, it demonstrates the feasibility of refunding much of the bonded indebtedness of our railways at a considerably lower rate of interest, thus making an immense saving each year on the interest account. And lastly, it marks the fact that the rate of interest on sound investments must be on a lower level in the future.

The Finalcial Chronicle has investigated the bonded debts of our railways, and finds that between this and the year 1905 there are railroad bonds amounting to 710 millions maturing, and available for refunding at lower interest. Some of these are five per cent obligations, but most of them bear 6 and 7 per cent. If they should all be refunded at 4 per cent the saving in interest would be $16,678,690 per year; and if it should be found possible to refund them at the low rate obtained by the Lake Shore road—3½ per cent, the saving would be, roughly, 20¼ million dollars.

Of course all the companies are not on so solid a foundation as is the Lake Shore, and consequently can not hope to refund on so advantageous terms, but nearly all will reduce their interest charge more or less. The Chronicle picks out eleven large corporations whose maturing obligations aggregate 420 millions, on which a saving in interest of from 9 to 11 millions can be effected at 4 and 3½ per cent. For example, the New York Central has 51 millions maturing on which at 3½ per cent, it will effect an annual saving in interest charges of $1,400,000 in round numbers.

We are inclined to agree with the Chronicle in its opinion that these refunding operations will become common within the next few years, to the great benefit of the railroads, and with a corresponding rise in the market value of their stocks. The new era now opening is likely, the Chronicle thinks, to be known as the "refunding era," and is likely to exercise as marked an influence on the situation as the "consolidation era" which followed the resumption of gold payments in 1879.

TROUBLE IN HAWAII.

The immigration question has reached a serious point in Hawaii. A Japanese steamer recently brought 537 laborers from that country to Honolulu. This appears to be a violation of the provisions of the immigration laws of the island republic. The agents of the Japanese company were arrested for such violation, and the captain of the steamer which brought the immigrants has been denied his clearance papers unless he agrees to carry them back to Japan.

The immigrants are detained at quarantine, and threaten to revolt; and this threat is rendered formidable by the fact that the Japanese now on the islands sympathize entirely with them. As the Japanese number about one-third of the population of the islands, an insurrection would be formidable. The case has been carried into the courts, and in case the decision is against the Japanese, trouble is pretty certain to follow. The Hawaiian authorities declare there is a scheme on foot to import Japanese, with the ultimate purpose of the absorption of the islands by Japan.

And now a few mugwump newspapers are horrified because President McKinley walks about the streets of Washington unattended by a cordon of police. They are more disturbed than the President.

Iowa has an ox that can trot a mile in 3:57. It is not the property of Horace Boies, as there is nothing about that gentleman which can strike so fast a pace.

Some juicy pieces of pie are being passed out these days, and it is observed that the Ohio man is getting his share.

The secret is out why Bryan continues to cry about hard times. His book will not sell.

EXTRA SESSIONS.

The proclamation of President McKinley, convening the Fifty-fifth Congress in extraordinary session, recalls the fact that there are numerous precedents for such action. There have been in our history thirty-one special sessions of Congress, of which nineteen have been provided for by law of Congress, and twelve convened by proclamation of the President. Of the former, the first was the opening session of the First Congress, it being called to meet on March 4, 1789, by a resolution of the Continental Congress, adopted the preceding September.

Of the special sessions convened by presidential proclamation, the first was exactly a century ago. It was called to meet on May 16, 1789, because of French depredations on our commerce, and the expulsion of our minister, Charles C. Pinckney, from French territory.

President Jefferson called an extra session on October 3, 1803, to carry into effect the treaty by which we acquired Louisiana. He called another in October, 1807, to consider the complications which had arisen with Great Britain.

James Madison also convened Congress twice in extra session, in 1811 and 1814, on account of our relations with Great Britain and the war growing out of them.

Twenty-four years elapsed, and then President Van Buren called Congress together on September 4, 1837, "because of the great financial embarrassment of the people." This was the first extra session called because of an exigency in our domestic affairs. These previously had been because of foreign complications.

President Wm. H. Harrison called an extra session for May 31, 1841, on account of the unsatisfactory condition of our revenues and finances. It was intended to pass a bill chartering a United States bank. This was done, but Tyler, who had succeeded to the Presidency through the death of Harrison, vetoed the measure.

President Pierce called Congress together on August 21, 1856, on account of the failure of appropriations for the army.

Lincoln called a special session on July 4, 1861, because of the Southern rebellion. Hayes had two extra sessions—the first called to meet October 5, 1877, because of the failure to pass the army appropriation bill, and on March 18, 1879, because of the failure to pass appropriations for legislative, executive, judicial, and army expenses.

The twelfth was that called by Cleveland on August 7, 1893, to repeal the silver purchase clause of the Sherman law. The need of an extra session at this time is quite as pressing as it was in any of the preceding cases, and the people enthusiastically indorse the action of President McKinley in calling it.

SUGAR BEET CULTURE.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is an enthusiast on the subject of sugar beet culture. Having made an exhaustive study of the matter, he has ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt that the soil of the United States is excellently adapted to the growth of the sugar beet, and that the percentage of saccharine matter is as large as in beets grown in Germany. Feeling certain that we can raise all the sugar we can consume, he is energetically at work endeavoring to get our farmers out of the rut, that they may take up this new and profitable industry.

A special agent of the agricultural department has been sent to Missouri to begin the work. The plan is to organize the farmers of each county into blocks of five, for the purpose of experimenting in the cultivation of the sugar beets. Each block of farmers will be furnished with all the seed they need, the only condition being that samples of the beets grown shall be sent to the department at the end of the season for analysis.

The work already begun in Missouri will be carried out in fourteen states, and the department has purchased 6,000 tons of sugar beet seed to be distributed upon the plan outlined above. Seed will not be sent to single individuals. Blocks of five farmers must be organized in each county of the fourteen states selected in order to obtain seed free.

The soil of most parts of Ohio is excellently adapted to the cultivation of this root. Especially is the rich black loam of the Northwest fitted for this purpose. It ought not to be difficult to get five of the most progressive and intelligent farmers of each county to organize themselves into a block of five, who would each pledge himself to devote an acre of suitable ground for a crop of beets this year.

THE TARIFF PROGRAMME.

The ways and means committee reported the new tariff measure—the Dingley bill—to the House on Friday.

Three days, including night sessions, will be given to general debate, and six days for discussion of the measure by sections.

The House will take the final vote on the bill on Monday, March 29. It will pass and be reported to the Senate by the end of the month.

Up to that time, all is plain sailing. But the course of the bill in the Senate is involved in much doubt. Had that body a clear Republican majority, there would be no difficulty. But as help must be had to pass the bill, it is possible that some changes must be made in it in order to command this support. This will be unsatisfactory, of course; but the conditions imperatively demand this new measure, and it must be put through even though it is not as thoroughly satisfactory as the bill in the shape it will pass the House.

SHERMAN AND CUBA.

Secretary Sherman and the Senate committee on foreign relations held a conference at which it was developed that the secretary is determined that a number of cases of alleged oppression of American citizens in Cuba shall be investigated at once, and redress be demanded. Mr. Sherman also intimated that he would promptly and cheerfully respond to any request by Congress for the production of all the correspondence on file in the State Department bearing upon any phase of our relations with Cuba.

There is no doubt that there is much in this State Department correspondence which will create a profound sensation when it is made public. We may therefore expect to have a renewal of the excitement over Spanish outrages, and that popular attention will again be turned upon the butcheries and nameless atrocities which the Spaniards have perpetrated upon the Cuban people. But it is pleasant news to the American people that we now have at the head of the State Department a man who does not sympathize with Spain, and who is determined that every American citizen in Cuba shall have his rights protected.

BIMETALLIC PROSPECTS.

At various times since the November election, The Blade has urged that much time would be saved in reaching the facts of the case by the United States directing inquiries to the governments of the various European countries through our ambassadors and ministers. It can thus be ascertained, in a very short time, whether those countries, or any of them, are willing to enter into negotiations for the remonetization of silver through an international conference, or otherwise.

It seems that President McKinley is determined to follow such a course. Senator Wolcott, upon his return from his European visit with relation to bimetalism, called upon the President to detail his experience. The interview lasted nearly two hours and Mr. Wolcott went thoroughly over the ground, detailing his experience, and the encouragements and discouragements as he had found them. President McKinley has expressed himself as decidedly hopeful regarding the situation, but will delay action until his new ambassadors and ministers to the various countries in question shall have time to feel the pulse of the officials regarding a bimetallic conference.

Senator Wolcott's mission was of course purely unofficial; and while he received much encouragement, the expressions given him were equally unofficial in their character. It is thought that the best plan of learning the views and the prospective action of the various countries whose cooperation is desired will be to inquire through the proper diplomatic channels what action would be likely to be taken in reference to a proposition for a conference; and also determine from what source the call should come, and where the conference should be held. The friends of international bimetallism feel that if it is possible to have the conference held in the United States there would be a material advantage, as the people of this country, who take such a deep interest in this question, would receive much more detailed information as to the work of the conference and the arguments offered for and against concerted action and for and against the rehabilitation of silver.

The President fully concurs in the desire of the most earnest bimetallists to see such a conference held at as early a date as possible, and if it can be held in the United States it is generally believed that it would be generally advantageous in the distribution of information to the people of this country, both in regard to the question itself and the causes which may govern its final determination. In view of the importance of the subject, it is probable that the matter will be very carefully considered before any steps are taken in the way of calling a conference or making definite propositions with reference thereto. Mr. Wolcott came away thoroughly impressed with the President's earnestness in the matter as have also a number of the extreme silver advocates who have called upon him within the last few days and discussed the subject briefly.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

The contrast between the methods of the Republicans and the Democrats is clearly shown in the length of time occupied by the two parties in getting their proposed tariff bills before congress.

President Cleveland was inaugurated March 4, 1893. The country was then in a state of agitation and business collapse consequent upon the prospective change in tariff. Yet the new tariff bill, whose advent every business interest was awaiting, was not reported from the Ways and Means committee until December 19, 1893, nine months and fifteen days from the date of President Cleveland's inauguration.

Contrast this with the course of the Republicans. President McKinley was inaugurated March 4, 1897, announced in his inaugural address that a special session of congress would be held on March 15, issued the call on the following day, and that congress before it had been in session three hours had before it a well digested tariff bill ready for its consideration.

Thus the Republicans, in nine working days of the McKinley administration, had accomplished what the Cleveland administration and Democratic congress were nine months in doing, and had provided a bill which will produce revenue instead of the deficit, which the free trade bill produced. And it is also a bill which will bring prosperity to the people, instead of distress, inaction, and hard times.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

The flood situation along the lower Mississippi continues to grow worse. The rains continue and the waters are slowly rising. Thousands are homeless, and hunger and sickness add to the distress.

There is no hope of an abatement in sight, as the rain continues over the watershed of all tributaries of the Father of Waters, and the ice in the upper Mississippi is beginning to melt, which means that further additions to the flood water are on their way.

There has already been considerable loss of life by drowning, and the end is not yet. The levees are in danger of giving way at a number of additional points, and the people living in the threatened districts are fleeing for their lives, abandoning their homes and property to the engulfing waters.

The situation is rapidly developing into a calamity of such proportions that local aid will be unable to cope with the needs of the sufferers, and prompt aid from other sections will be needed. This will especially be the case if there is no abatement of the swelling floods which are turning the region south of the mouth of the Arkansas into a vast inland sea.

MR. PINGREE OUSTED.

It has developed that Governor-Mayor Pingree is not the whole state of Michigan. The Supreme court, all the members being unanimous, has decided that he cannot continue to act as governor of the state and mayor of Detroit, and has ordered a special election for mayor, after ousting Mr. Pingree from that office. As the Supreme court is a greater power than the governor and mayor combined, Mr. Pingree will be forced to step down and out.

If Mr. Pingree had any regard for the proprieties, it would not have been necessary for the Supreme court to have taken such action as it did Friday. No man with due self respect, would hold two offices at the same time just because, for the time being, he could not be ousted. The action of the Supreme court will be applauded, and the country generally will be glad to know that Pingree must loosen his grasp on one official plum.

Greece will get all she wanted, even if not in the terms she asked.

The European "concert" is certainly not playing in tune.

CHAIRMAN DINGLEY'S SPEECH.

Mr. Dingley's speech in the House Monday on the new tariff bill, opening the three days' general debate on the measure, is a compact statement of the arguments in favor of the measure. It is a discussion of revenue legislation in the light of experience. It deals with cold, hard facts, leaving rainbow theories to the Democratic opponents of the bill. It will be read with interest by the people of the United States, who look to the new tariff bill for relief from the evils which have followed the enactment of Democratic theories into a law which has proved a dire failure at every point.

Mr. Dingley voiced a most important economic truth when he said that no economic policy will prove a success unless it shall contribute to opening up employment to the masses of people at good wages. Unless they have steady employment at good wages, they have not the money to buy freely to supply their needs. This reduces the volume of sales, the amounts produced or manufactured, and thus brings stagnation to trade and enforces idleness upon our industries.

Not till the purchasing power of the masses is restored will trade increase to its old-time proportions, prices cease to feel the depressing effect of the enforced diminution of buying, and the prosperity of the people rise to the standard which prevails in 1891 and 1892.

We wish we could believe, with Mr. Dingley, that all our people have profited by the gigantic object-lesson we have all experienced since June, 1893. It would seem that any man, no matter how ignorant, would see that the business depression, the lack of employment, the stagnation in trade, followed logically from the Democratic tariff legislation, and that the remedy is a return to a wise protective law. But there are thousands who are apparently too dull or too ignorant to understand even so plain a condition of facts, and consequently they ignorantly turn to the free silver theory, and proclaim that all these evils have been because we do not Mexicanize our currency. A republic is not safe where voters are so ignorant, and so easily misled by designing demagogues.

RAILROAD BUILDING THIS YEAR.

The Railway Age has just printed its annual summary of the prospective railroad building for the coming season. It is an extremely promising outlook. As The Blade showed at the time of the break in the price of steel rails, this occurence is a factor which will largely promote the construction of new lines, as well as the renewal of rails on many existing lines. This drop in price alone reduces the cost of construction by $700 per mile.

The Railway Age qualifies its figures with the statement that it does not believe all the mileage shown in its list will be constructed this year. Bearing this qualification in mind, the Age's summary includes 300 different lines in 46 states and territories, aggregating in all 17,511 miles. If only 20 per cent. of the aggregate is constructed during 1897 there would be nearly as much new work done during the year as was accomplished during 1895 and 1896 combined. The largest mileage by states and territories is as follows: Indian and Oklahoma territories, jointly, 1,917 miles; Texas, 1,565 miles; Missouri, 877 miles; Indiana, 807 miles; Georgia, 805 miles; Illinois, 703 miles; Louisiana, 665 miles; West Virginia, 659 miles; Alabama, 633 miles; Pennsylvania, 588 miles; Virginia, 581 miles. The remaining states show less than 500 miles each.

A year of brisk railway construction has always been the harbinger of a period of prosperity for the whole country, and this year promises to be no exception to the rule. The railway men are always ready to discount the future. They see the signs everywhere of returning prosperity, and are alert to take advantage thereof. If the new administration meets the expectations of the commercial and industrial interests of the country—and there is every reason to believe that it will—the epoch upon which we are now entering will be one of the most prosperous we have ever known.

HAY AND PORTER.

President McKinley's first appointments of foreign ministers are most satisfactory to the country and the party. John Hay, who will represent this country at the court of St. James, is a man of brains and experience in public affairs. He served as assistant secretary under President Lincoln and afterwards entered the diplomatic service, serving in that capacity in Austria, France and Spain. Under President Hayes he served for several years as assistant secretary of state. His experience in diplomatic work fits him for the position of ambassador to England. He is well known there as here and his appointment will give satisfaction on both sides of the Atlantic.

Equally gratifying is the selection of Gen. Horace Porter as minister to France. He is well known as a soldier, a ripe scholar, a successful business man and as assistant secretary of war. These appointments will strengthen the administration abroad as well as at home.

PRACTICAL WORK.

Secretary Wilson, the new head of the Department of Agriculture, is receiving the highest encomiums from members of congress of all parties for the intelligent and practical way with which he has taken hold of the work of the department. He is bringing to bear upon it a happy combination of practical farm experience and intelligent scientific work.

He has already set on foot a system for a thorough test of the capacity of many states for the production of beet sugar, and is ransacking the world for new classes of leguminous deep-rooted plants which shall furnish a new and constant food supply for stock designed for the markets of the world; and this, it is believed, will result in a large increase in the quantity and an advance in the price received for the meats produced by the farmers of this country. For the first time, the head of the Department of Agriculture is a real farmer, not a theoretical one.

The farmers, especially those living near the Canadian border, have reason to be pleased with the Dingley tariff bill. It restores the McKinley duty on nearly all their products, including wool, hay, potatoes, butter, cheese, barley, apples and hops. American farmers, and especially those in the states of the Northern border, have suffered greatly because of competition from Canadian and other foreign rivals since the Wilson-Gorman act struck down duties. The new law will give our agriculturists the protection of which the Democrats partly deprived them.

The Greeks seem to be about as tough as their names.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

Do all the readers of The Blade know that the Question Bureau is not a mere compilation of facts out of books of reference, but a mine of original information, written especially for this paper, and not in print anywhere?

Turn to the Bureau of this issue, for instance. There is an account of the historic old dueling-ground at Bladensburg. We wrote to Washington to obtain that information, and paid the writer for his work. He says "it was difficult to secure, for the men are all dead or departed who lived here in its palmy days."

Then there is an illustrated description of a cheap telephone. We paid a round sum to an electrical engineer to furnish us the article and drawings. It is really a description of a line which he put up last year for his own use, and has never been written up before.

We are willing to go to this expense when questions are asked which we think are of interest to a large number of our readers. Of course we can not do it to answer questions which are of no value except to the person asking them.

Read the Question Bureau carefully each week. You will find it not only useful, but entertaining.

A FREE TRADE FALSEHOOD.

The free trade wing of the Democracy is reviving the old lie, in which it charged that the McKinley law did not produce sufficient revenue. This revival is occasioned by the fact that President McKinley, in his message, called attention to the deficiencies under the low tariff law, and recommended a protective tariff, and by the further fact that the new tariff bill is based upon the McKinley act. Those who are charging that the McKinley law failed to produce sufficient revenue show that they are either ignorant of the facts, or else that they suppose others to be so.

The earnings of the McKinley law from the date of its enactment, October 1, 1890, to the meeting of the free trade congress in August, 1893, which was called together to begin the work of its destruction, were $13,575,486 in excess of the expenditures of the government during that time. Any deficiency which followed during the remaining few months of its existence was due to the business depression and stoppage of importations caused by the prospective change in the tariff law, which that congress had promised to make.

President McKinley has provided accommodations for newspaper men in the office of his private secretary. The President wants the public to keep in touch with the country's business.

Balm of Gilead is on the free list of the Dingley bill. This shows a thoughtful care for the lacerated bosoms of Mr. Bryan and his free silver associates.

The Tack Trust is to have all its property sold under an order of court. Somebody must have hit the tack monopoly a blow on the head.

Office-seekers are leaving the capital. Possibly they do so because they can't take it with them.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

The general treaty of arbitration with Great Britain has been reported to the Senate in executive session. Of course, it comes to the Senate in an amended form. It seems that the amendment providing against the submission of questions relative to the foreign or domestic policy of either party has disappeared, as have the designation of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway as the umpire and the provision as to justices of the supreme court being members of the arbitration tribunal. In their stead it is provided that jurists of repute shall be appointed by the President. Another amendment makes it necessary for the President to submit to the Senate all questions intended to be submitted to arbitration. This latter provision certainly limits in a very important way the scope of the treaty, and it does not appear whether in this form it would be acceptable to Great Britain. This is a point which ought to be clearly understood before the Senate wastes any time in considering the convention. It would seem to be useless to have an agreement for arbitration where the decision as to what questions should be submitted depends upon the judgment of a body with a shifting majority.

It is not probable that the Senate of the United States would ever consent to submit to arbitration any question involving the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine, or the control of the Nicaragua canal. But these questions are too important in their relation to the supremacy of the United States upon this continent, to the development of our commerce and to our exclusive control by waterway of the highest strategic importance in case of war, to be left to even the remotest chance of any future lack of patriotism in the Senate. The treaty should be still further amended so as to exclude specifically from arbitration both the assertion of the Monroe doctrine and the absolute control by the United States of the canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific.

While the House is discussing the tariff bill, there will be ample time in the Senate for the consideration of this treaty. There is no occasion for hasty action. On the contrary, there is every reason for the utmost deliberation, and it is to be hoped that deliberation and it is to be hoped that during this period the Senate will still further amend the proposed treaty in the direction indicated.

The Administration's desire seems to be for Congress to confine its work to the tariff and adjourn as soon as possible, without undertaking any general legislation. But it is observed that over four hundred bills were introduced in the Senate during the brief hours of one morning session last week. Perhaps most of them were intended merely to be put in the way of attention next winter. But there is evidently material enough for Congress to busy itself with a good deal of general business during this special session if it chooses to do so. The refusal of the speaker to organize the committees of the house fully of course acts as a bar on the preparation of such measures as it is not desired to have considered. But it remains to be seen whether this process of narrowing business to a single line can be successfully maintained against pressure.

The rush to pay duties on bonded goods in anticipation of the enactment of the new tariff doesn't seem to be keeping up. On Monday of last week the customs payments were $2,077,604, and on Tuesday they amounted to $3,082,645—the largest sum ever received in one day. But on Wednesday the receipts dropped back to $1,426,414, and the next they were $1,031,223. Even these smaller figures, however, are much in excess of the average daily customs receipts, and as a consequence the deficit is, for the time being at least, rapidly growing smaller. Last week, for the reasons above stated, shows a surplus of more than $5,000,000.

Mrs. Cora Reed, of Iowa, wants a consulship, and the mere fact that she is a woman is no reason why she shouldn't have one. Nevertheless, the appointment of women to the consular service would be an experiment of doubtful wisdom. Foreign governments, whose opinions always have to be consulted in such matters, might and probably would object to the appearance of women as the accredited consuls of the United States, and that would expose such representatives to the imminent risk of grave annoyance and humiliation. The better course would be for women to seek further advances in the public service here in our own country, and then, after their status has been firmly established at home, there would be less objection to their appointment as consular or diplomatic representatives in foreign lands.

A decision sustaining the legality of the joint traffic agreement was rendered by the United States Circuit court of Appeals at New York Friday. The case came up on an appeal from the decree of Judge Wheeler dismissing the bill in the action brought by the government against the Joint Traffic association. The bill alleged that the agreement was unlawful, and asked that the corporations composing the association be perpetually enjoined from continuing therein. The court held that the interstate commerce act could not be invoked for a number of reasons, and that the United States had no right under the act to employ thhe method of injunction. This decision will not end the litigation, for the case will be at once appealed to the Supreme court of thhe United States.

On March 22 there went into effect an order of the new secretary of agriculture providing for the inspection of all beef offered for transportation to European ports. All such beef, whether fresh or salted, canned or packed, must now be accompanied by an official certificate of a department inspector showing that the cattle from which it was produced were free from disease and the meat sound and wholesome. Meat of other species of animals which does not bear inspection stamps must be packed so as to indicate the species of animal from which it was produced. Meat not complying with these requirements will not me allowed to be exported to European ports. The terms of this order indicate clearly enough that everything that can be done to secure the soundness of our exported meat will be done by the United States officials. It will be interesting to see how the action taken by the federal government will be treated by the governments of the European countries which have put in force prohibitions against the imports of American beef.

In some quarters in Europe a disposition is being manifested which seems to make little account of the efforts made by the agricultural department authorities to free American meat exports from any reasonable ground of suspicion. In France, for example, the government has increased the duty on live hogs one-half, and that on fresh pork to a like extent, while the duties on hams and bacon, pork products and lard have been increased to a still greater degree. This action of the French government does not seem to be based on any criticism of the quality or condition of the products in question, but solely upon the probable action of Congress in relation to the tariff bill now before it. The French officials apparently do not believe in the possibility of any workable system of reciprocity under the new bill, and they seem to have taken the action referred to in anticipation of probable negotiations by the United States.

Some difficulty has arisen over the question of making a change in the directorship of the bureau of American republics. A few days ago Secretary Sherman requested the resignation of the present incumbent and offered the place to another man. The protest of the representatives of several of the American republics has just been brought to the knowledge of the secretary the fact that the appointment is in reality an international one and not subject to change at the sole discretion of the secretary. It seems clear that the secretary's discretion in the matter of appointments in this bureau is limited, and that, in fact, it is not a simple adjunct to the State department. To say the truth, the office is one of a class which ought to be regarded as administrative rather than political, and the incumbency of which ought not to be changed with each change of party.

Advices from Caracas leave little doubt as to the ratification of the boundary arbitration treaty by the Venezuelan senate. This is the general consensus of opinion as voiced in the press and in the statements of men of influence in the public councils. The presiding officer of the senate, indeed, spoke in enthusiastic terms of the settlement provided by the treaty in his opening speech of that body.

The President of Venezuela, in his message submitting the treaty, said that the results obtained represented an effort of intelligence and good will worthy of praise and thanks from Venezuela, and he urged that from the moment of its presentation to the senate should postpone all other business until it has been decided upon. Meanwhile preparations are being made for the resumption of diplomatic relations which have been suspended for a period of years between Great Britain and Venezuela.

With all this talk of annexing Hawaii, it is of interest to know that the census just completed there shows a total population of 109,020. There are 31,019 Hawaiians, 24,407 Japanese, 21,616 Chinese, 15,191 Portuguese, 3,086 Americans, 2,250 English and 1,432 Germans. There are 8,485 persons part Hawaiians, and the remainder of the population is divided among half a dozen nationalities.

It appears that 6,000 Spanish troops designed to reinforce Gen. Weyler have been sent to the philippine Islands, the Spanish forces having met with reverses there, and Weyler, instead of getting reinforcements, has been asked to send as many troops as he can spare back to Spain. A dispatch from Havana says: "For the first time since the outbreak of the revolution the authorities here seem to see that the war may end by evacuation and withdrawal from the island." Wouldn't every friend of freedom throw up his hat, if Gen. Weyler, the man who makes war upon women, should be compelled to sneak back to Spain with the remnant of his shattered forces?

The gallant and daring attitude of the Greek nation in the face of the threats of the so-called European concert continues to hold the attention of the civilized world. The powers have finally announced their intention of blockading not Greece but Crete, and Greece has replied by hurrying forward large quantities of provisions, munitions of war, medicines and all kinds of supplies needed by an army in the field. The strength of the concert appears to be, up to the present, negative rather than positive, and no one can tell how long it can be maintained in the event of a conflict being precipitated. The concert is in reality a hollow affair, for the interests of the powers temporarily combined are not identical, but are in some important respects divergent. European opinion in favor of Greece has been given a most powerful impetus by a remarkable letter from the veteran statesman Gladstone, who, whatever may be said of his politics, has always stood for conscience in public affairs.

The formal blockade began on Sunday. There being no state of war between Turkey or Greece and the Powers, the blockade is what is called a "pacific" one. Just what the status and bearings of a pacific blockade may be nobody seems to know. There being no state of war, what right have the ships of war now blockading the Cretan ports to prevent an American ship, for example, going into Canea and landing any cargo she may happen to carry? The Powers have laid great stress on the fact that Greece's conduct regarding Crete was "illegal," contrary to international law," etc. How, then, can they justify the "pacific blockade" which is invalid, if not illegal, finding no warrant whatever in international law? England and France have repeatedly declared that a "pacific blockade" had no binding effect on other nations than the parties immediately concerned. Of course, in the present instance, the participation in the blockade of six leading Powers simplifies matters a good deal. Their will makes law, and the lawfulness will be discussed at leisure later on. If the dreaded outbreak comes to pass in Thessaly, the blockade of Crete will be lost sight of, and in any event the pacification of Crete is a very different thing from a pacific blockade of the Cretan ports.

Young men or old should not fail to read Thos. Slater's offer on page 8.

GEN. HORACE PORTER.

AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE.

M'KINLEY'S POLICY.

Candidates Must Be Indorsed by State Congressional Delegations.

Washington special in St. Louis Globe Democrat:—Without laying down any general principles upon questions of patronage, the president is giving the office seekers to understand just what they must do. He is also impressing upon the senators and representatives a sense of their responsibility. More than under any president since Arthur, will the indorsements of state congressional delegations count. The disposition of patronage is not to be a personal matter with Mr. McKinley, as it has been with some of his predecessors. To-day one of the White House callers was a well-known writer, whose acquaintance with the president is of some years standing. This man said to Mr. McKinley:

"I have not brought any papers, for you know me as well as anybody, and can judge of my fitness as well as all of the senators and representatives and politicians in the country. Still, if it is necessary, I will get some letters."

"I would do so if I was in your place," replied the president; "get letters from the senators and representatives of your state."

"I doubt if I can get the senators, but I can get the representatives," the applicant explained.

"You'd better get the senators if you can," said Mr. McKinley, and then he turned to another visitor.

So much for the recognition of the influence of the congressional delegations. Now here is something to show how responsible government is hand in hand with that of recognition. A certain senator called at the White House and showed a list of candidates from his state for consulships. There were between forty and fifty names on the list.

"You don't expect me to appoint all of these, do you?" asked the president.

"Well, I don't know," replied the senator, apologetically. "They are all good men. I'd like to have you appoint as many as you can."

"How many places in the consular service do you consider your state is entitled to?" the president asked.

"I should think we ought to pull out five or six good ones," the senator said.

"Well," continued Mr. McKinley, "suppose you take these papers away with you, and after consulting with your delegation pick out five or six of the best men and all join in recommending them. There is plenty of time."

"It would be very difficult to make selections," said the senator, reluctantly.

"Not so difficult for you as for me," argued the president. "You know the men and I don't."

"I mean," explained the senator, "that it would be embarrassing for me to indicate a preference in many cases."

"You want me to assume that embarrassment then—which I will not do," said the president, with some emphasis. "I am willing to share the responsibility, but I can not make any appointments from your state unless you select the men. You must get together, too. I do not propose to settle any controversies."

LINCOLN'S WAR SHIP.

There is a forgotten ship that rendered the cause of the Union as great a service in keeping the Merrimac bottled up in her hiding place as did the Monitor in driving her back there in the first place.

That was the Vanderbilt, the ship that Commodore Vanderbilt paid a million dollars for and sold to Abraham Lincoln for $1, shortly after the outbreak of the civil war. The commodore wanted to do something for his country, and made out a bill of sale for the vessel, instead of giving the ship outright, to make the transfer certainly binding as against his heirs. He made the sale to President Lincoln, personally, because he had no use for his old schoolmate, Gideon Welles, secretary of the navy.

The Vanderbilt was fitted with a huge steel prow and sent to Hampton Roads especially to run down the Merrimac if she could get a chance. The chance was never given to her. Captain Tatnall was afraid of her and would not venture within reach of her. He used to say: "If it wasn't for that Vanderbilt's prow I'd sink every Yankee ship in Hampton Roads within 24 hours." After the Merrimac was burned at her moorings by the retreating rebels, the Vanderbilt was relieved of her steel prow and turned into a transport. Later in the war she was given a battery of ten guns and sent in chase of the Alabama, which she never succeeded in catching.

When the war was over and President Lincoln was dead, she was sent to Mare Island. There she was left till everybody had forgotten all about her. She was finally advertised for sale in the Solano Weekly Herald, a paper read by a few hundred farmers, and sold at "public auction" to the Cummings Brothers for $42,000. Although she seems to have been unquestionably President Lincoln's private property, the rights of his heirs were entirely ignored. Her new owners took the machinery out of her, sold it for more than they paid for the entire vessel, turned her into a sailing ship, renamed her the Three Brothers, and set her to work carrying grain to European ports. She was finally sold to the British government.

To the British government she still belongs and is ending her days under the Union Jack as a coal hulk at Malta. Considering all things, including the fact that the United States government, apparently never had any title in her to convey to the Cummings Brothers, this is not the way Commodore Vanderbilt's million-dollar gift to President Lincoln, or any other vessel that has gallantly flown the stars and stripes as an American warship, ought to close her career.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

CURRENT EVENTS.

All the mummy cats mummified in Egyptian tombs have red hair.

The first Christian Endeavor Society in Denmark was only recently organized.

The rug craze is about all the competition the grip has in some Maine localities.

Perfectly white cats are generally deaf; they are sure to be if they have blue eyes.

Onyx in large quantity, and, it is said, of good quality, has been found in Hart county, Kentucky.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of a cat as there are in the human hand and wrist.

Shrews destroy an incredible quantity of insect life, and are capable of capturing and devouring small fish.

In Harrodsburg, a city of the Kentucky Blue Grass region, the most valuable property is owned by women.

Lightning in a Kentucky town knocked a stave out of a rain barrel and deprived a family of its water supply.

A Newton (N. J.) minister remarked, on a recent Sunday, that he would not give "a cent a cord" for noisy revival meetings.

At the end of each hair of a cat's whiskers is a bulb of nerve fiber which makes that particular hair a very delicate "feeler."

The Minnesota Senate has concurred with the House in the passage of a bill for a graduated and progressive inheritance tax.

A Georgia editor has already offered his paper for a year to the person who will bring the first load of watermelons to his office.

It is proposed in Finland to abolish the press censorship on the ground that it is needless, and only fosters hypocrisy and deception.

The Washington conference (colored), in session at Annapolis, voted for the admission of women into the general conference. The ballot resulted 107 to 9.

Portland's firemen are spic and span in aluminum hats. Lighter, stronger and a greater protection against falling debris is what is claimed for the innovation.

A Chicago manufacturer is putting on the market a grade of gum boots to show how we sponsibility goes hand in hand with that of recognition. A certain senator called at the White House and showed a list of candidates from his state for consulships. There were between forty and fifty names on the list.

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Publishers' Column.

WALTHAM AND ELGIN WATCHES.

Some months ago, after supplying our readers several thousand good watches at wholesale prices, we discontinued the offer. For a few weeks we shall offer the following small list much below our former prices, owing to reduction of certain grades by the manufacturer. A couple will be recognized as standard watches of our former list. The others are good grades at reduced prices.

OFFER NO. S.—BLADE SPECIAL.

Open Face or Hunting Case, Waltham or Elgin Works—Be Sure to Name Your Choice When You Order.

A $200 solid gold watch cannot be bought for $30 but the Weekly Blade offers a watch under the above number which has all the appearances and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. Time and money have been spent in bringing this particular watch to perfection. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county commissioners, and all others who wish a really first-class article. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and it is especially recommended to school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equalled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail to any of our subscribers for $20.

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No. 333 is one of the finest gentlemen's watches we have ever offered. The movements, either Waltham or Elgin, are full jeweled, and are guaranteed perfect timekeepers. The case is of the finest gold-filled and guaranteed to wear the same as solid gold for 15 years. The price of this watch in open face is $13.50, and in hunting case, $16.50.

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No. 15.—The works are manufactured at Waltham or Elgin. They are made of the finest materials carefully selected. The jewels are all cut and polished in Europe, where secret processes are handed down from generation to generation. The dial is made of the finest porcelain, and the hands of blue tempered steel. The case is solid 14k. United States assay, handsomely engraved. This watch is a stem winder and setter and hunting case. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $20.

Lady's Watches, Waltham or Elgin, $15.00.

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No. 200.—Solid gold 40 dwt. hunting case with Elgin or Waltham works, 18 size, 14 karat, and guaranteed timekeeper, sent by registered mail to any part of the United States for $33.50.

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NOTICE, however, that the above offer is only to those who send us $1 for subscription or renewal after this date.

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Battle of The Wilderness, Va.
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge).
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
Fort Pillow Massacre, Tenn.
Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.
Battle of Williamsburg, Va.
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These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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It is predicted that silk gowns will be very much worn the coming summer, and nothing can be more becoming or economical than a foulard made on a thin lining of plain taffeta silk or percale. Our model is made of this pretty silk, showing a deep ground of indigo-blue with scroll pattern of white.

7025—Ladies' Waist.

The hat which accompanies the costume is of black straw with brim of moderate width, about which is a full ruche of mousseline. At the back are wings, aigrettes and violets.

The waist has a lining front fitted by double bust darts, which closes invisibly through the center, over which the material fits smoothly across the shoulders and bust, with the fulness at the waist line collected in gathers. The back, side-body and under-arm gores are smoothly covered with the material, and the waist is encircled by a deep girdle of satin that is deepest at the front, where the closing is effected beneath frilled edges. The waist trimming forms an attractive feature, as it is decidedly original. The front extends to the depth of a short yoke, and is overlapped by a wide band, which extends a trifle lower than the yoke front, and is carried over the shoulder seams, concealing the side seams of the back. A second band of insertion overlaps the first, following the same line, but varying at the shoulders, where it is carried out well over the sleeves in tab-shaped ornaments. The sleeves are slightly bouffant above the elbows, and are completed at the wrists with galoon. The neck is finished by a close standing band.

The skirt, shaped by five gores, fits smoothly across the front and sides, the fulness at each side of the back being laid in close overlapping plaits expanding gracefully towards the lower edge which has a narrow foot decoration.

The model, which is an unusually attractive one, can be copied in silk, woolen, grenadine, foulard, china or sheer fabrics, and is suitable alike for street or home wear.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require two and three-fourths yards of forty-four-inch wide material and for the skirt four and one-half yards of the same width goods. The waist pattern, No. 7025, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. The skirt pattern, No. 6984, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

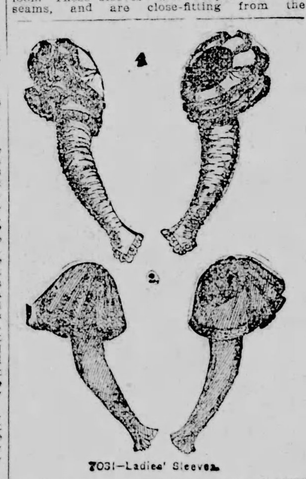
NO. 7026—LADIES' SHIRT WAIST SLEEVES, STOCK COLLAR AND CUFFS.

The three useful patterns here given as one will be found convenient in remodeling the sleeves of last season's shirt waists which can be readily cut down by the aid of a reliable pattern. The set comprises Ladies' Bishop Shirt Sleeve, the latest style collar and cuffs, and stock tie.

The stylish sleeves, of modified dimensions, are made of figured percale and neatly finished with machine stitching. The fulness is regulated at the top and bottom by gathers, and the wrists are completed with straight cuffs of which may be used as fancied. Narrow lace edging outlines the free edges of the sleeve-caps, and is carried down the outside seam from shoulder to wrist with pleasing effect.

No. 2 presents an attractive model in flax-gray serge decorated wth white mohair galoon. These sleeves are shaped by two seams, and are close-fitting from the shoulder to the wrists where they flare, stylishly displaying a fine plaiting of black chiffon. Sleeve-caps in genuine Russian style are gracefully arranged on top. These patterns will be found extremely useful in remodeling last season's garments. No. 1, being particularly adapted to sheer summer fabrics such as glace, taffeta, India or China, while organdy, grenadine and muslin are equally commendable.

To make No. 1 design for a thirty-six-inch bust measure will take five yards of twenty-two-inch wide material. No. 2 design will require two and three-fourths yards of the same width material. The pattern, No. 7026, is cut in sizes for ladies having a 32, 36 and 40-inch bust measure.



7031—Ladies' Sleeves.

NO. 7031—LADIES' SLEEVES.

The stylish sleeves here shown may be inserted in any waist, basque, tea gown or matinee.

No. 1 is a particularly popular and becoming design composed of white mousseline de sole over colored taffeta. Gathers at the outside seam dispose the fulness in soft wrinkles or mousquetaire effect, which is supported upon fitted linings of coat shape. The sleeves extend well over the hand according to the present fashion. Three circular sleeve-caps flare in pretty ripples over the sleeves, one, two, or all three of which may be used as fancied. Narrow lace edging outlines the free edges of the sleeve-caps, and is carried down the outside seam from shoulder to wrist with pleasing effect.

No. 2 presents an attractive model in flax-gray serge decorated wth white mohair galoon. These sleeves are shaped by two seams, and are close-fitting from the shoulder to the wrists where they flare, stylishly displaying a fine plaiting of black chiffon. Sleeve-caps in genuine Russian style are gracefully arranged on top. These patterns will be found extremely useful in remodeling last season's garments. No. 1, being particularly adapted to sheer summer fabrics such as glace, taffeta, India or China, while organdy, grenadine and muslin are equally commendable.

To make No. 1 design for a thirty-six-inch bust measure will take five yards of twenty-two-inch wide material. No. 2 design will require two and three-fourths yards of the same width material. The pattern, No. 7031, is cut in sizes for ladies having a 32, 36 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7029—LADIES' JACKET.

Decidedly jaunty is this top garment made of box cloth in a light shade of tan, decorated with bands of passementerie. The loose front, in Empire style, has a box plaint formed on each side of the invisible closing that is narrow at the top and widens gradually toward the lower edge of the garment, which extends well over the hips. The back, exhibiting the stylish and universally popular Wattau effect, is provided with a short yoke to the lower edge of which the wide double box-plaits are adjusted, the exquisite shaping of the garment depending, in a measure, on the side-body and under-arm gores that are trimly adjusted to the figure.

7029—Ladies' Jacket.

An attractive feature is the handsome collar, the seams of which are left open to give a tab effect, thus providing a fashionable dare and affording a pleasing novelty from the regulation storm collar. A fanciful tab or strap of cloth, pointed at the ends, secures it snugly to the throat, forming a neat decoration as well.

The stylish sleeves, of moderate fullness, fit comfortably from the wrists to the elbows, the fullness at the top being laid in plaits. The wrists are completed by flaring cuffs, that are also slashed to correspond with collar.

All regulation cloakings may be employed in making, embracing melton, covert, whipcord, matelasse, boadcloth, etc., with machine stitching, velvet or braid forming an appropriate finish.

To make this jacket for a lady in the medium size will require 2¾ yards of 54-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 7029, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42-inch bust measure.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions as to the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

The Up-to-Date Maid.

The Fiancee—I would like to see the programme for your bachelors' dinner.

The Fiancee—The—a—the menu?

The Fiancee (soverely)—No, sir; the programme!—Puck.

Do not fail to read Thos. Slater's offer on page 5 for men.

NO. 7018—LADIES' BICYCLE SKIRT.

Brown and gray mixed tweed was the material selected for this graceful and becoming cycling skirt so admirably adapted to the needs of the modern wheelwoman. It is of the divided order and worn with knickerbockers that are dart-fitted at the top and have inside and outside leg seams, elastic at the hems regulating the fullness at the knees. The skirt, of circular shaping, is in two sections, and is attached to the knickerbockers at the inside leg seams and again at the waist, rendering the adjustment exceedingly comfortable and practical. It is of becoming and convenient length, fitting smoothly at the sides, while at the center-front and back are laid deep underlying plaits, causing the fullness below the hips to fall in graceful effect. The pattern provides for an added front gore that is fastened at the top and each side for a short distance below the belt, and again at the bottom with handsome bone buttons. The use of this front gore is optional, as it may be omitted if not preferred. It possesses the advantage, however, of rendering the adjustment attractive when off the wheel.

7026—Ladies' Shirt Waist Sleeves, Stock, Collar and Cuffs.

yards of thirty-six inch wide material. The stock will require three-quarters of a yard of material twenty-two inches wide and the collar and cuffs one-half yard of linen. The pattern, No. 7026, is cut in sizes for a 32, 36 and 40-inch bust measure.

The Hit of the Season...

is made by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Just at this season when Spring and its debilitating days are with us, there is nothing like Ayer's Sarsaparilla to put new life into the sluggish system. It sweeps away the dullness, lack of appetite, languidness, and pain, as a broom sweeps away cobwebs. It does not brace up. It builds up. Its benefit is lasting. Do you feel run down? Take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Send for "Curebook." 100 pages. Free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

NEAL DOW.

BIRTHDAY OF THE "GRAND OLD MAN OF TEMPERANCE."

He Was Ninety-Three Years Old on March 20—Something of His Very Eventful Life.

The ninety-third anniversary of the birth of Neal Dow of Maine, occurred on Saturday, March 20. The event was celebrated in Boston, Washington, New York, and other places.

On March 20, 1804, the world was made richer, with the usual ignorance of the fact, by the birth of a boy in Portland, Me., destined to be one of the few whose glories are widely sung while the hero is living to hear the song.

Neal Dow, who was the baby in question, is called by the multitudinous temperance reformers of to-day, "Our Grand Old Man," and owes his eminence mainly to his successful leadership of the opponents of the drink traffic in his native state. He is generally credited with being the father of "the Maine law," prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in that commonwealth. The original law enacted in 1851 was repealed in 1855, but was re-enacted in 1856 with severer penalties annexed and has now been the law of the state for over forty-one years, with increasing favor on the part of the people at large, as evidenced by its reinforcement in 1884 by a constitutional amendment, which was adopted by an affirmative vote three times as large as the negative vote.

NEAL DOW.

Neal Dow was of Quaker parentage, and belongs to a long lived family, his father having died at ninety-five. His mother died in 1851, the year in which the original Maine law was enacted, and is said to have been a trusting, faithful Christian woman, self-reliant and firm in what she believed to be right. She was a friend to the friendless, and many a life was made happier by her kindness, also in her house many a fugitive slave who had escaped from bondage in the South, found food and shelter. Under her roof, and doubtless with her encouragement, was given, it is said by the sisters of Neal Dow, the first social party of their set in Portland in which wines were not served to the guests.

His First Stand for Temperance.

Neal Dow took his first public stand for temperance when he was about 21 years of age. It was on the occasion of an anniversary supper of a fire company of which he was captain. He made such vigorous opposition to providing liquors that the company adopted his views, and for the first time the annual supper was given without liquors. Another of his early achievements is said to have been to lead in ending a custom which existed at Portland of ringing the town bell "at 11 o'clock in the morning and at 9 o'clock in the afternoon, as a signal for mechanics to take their drams." In 1839 he induced the board of aldermen to refer for the question of license or no license to a vote of the citizens. The license party prevailed by a majority of 35 votes. Four years later the question was again submitted to the popular vote, and "no license" was carried by a majority of 440.

Encouraged by his local successes, he started out to accomplish prohibition throughout his state. In his own private conveyance, a sleigh in winter, a buggy the rest of the year, there being no railroads in those days, he traveled up and down through the state, holding meetings and speaking in the churches, school houses and woods and at cross roads, wherever people would come to listen, circulating a petition for signatures and distributing tracts and pamphlets. Referring to this period, he says: "We covered the state knee-deep with temperance literature." Finally, he appeared before the legislature of Maine in the winter of 1846 with a petition bearing 40,000 signatures asking for the passage of a prohibitory law. The petition was granted, but the penalties under the law were so inadequate that it was ineffectual. In 1851 he was elected mayor of Portland, and immediately thereafter secured the enactment of "the Maine law," before referred to, and proceeded as mayor of Portland to put it into execution after 30 days' notice that the law would be vigorously and impartially enforced.

It is related in one instance that a wholesale dealer—a large and sinewy man—stood at the door of his store, axe in hand, threatening to brain any officer who dared to enter. But Mayor Dow was equal to the emergency. On learning of the situation he took with him a squad of men, and selecting one of the most athletic of them directed him to seize the defiant liquor dealer and disarm him, which the officer did, and under the direction of the mayor the kegs and barrels were rolled out upon the sidewalk, and the axe with which the liquor merchant had threatened to split open the heads of the officers was used to split open the heads of the barrels and kegs, and let out the contents into the gutters.

His War Service.

Although nearly sixty years old and exempt from military service, and a Quaker withal, he responded to the call for volunteers in 1861, and, raising a regiment and battery of artillery, marched to the front, and served as a brigadier general of volunteers, holding at different times three separate commands. He was twice wounded in battle, and, being taken prisoner, was confined for eight months in Libby prison. Here, it is said, "his great store of general intelligence, fine conversational abilities and great fund of anecdote, made him the chief favorite with his fellow prisoners." Chaplain McCabe, who was one of his companions in Libby, says of him: "Gen. Neal Dow is an ally of the Almighty in making this world better and hastening the coming of the millennial glory."

At the conclusion of the war his temperance work was resumed, and in its prosecution he traveled extensively through the states and also in Canada. He has also three times visited Great Britain, giving over three years without any pecuniary compensation to the advocacy of total abstinance and prohibition, and addressing large audiences in all the principal centers of England, Scotland and Ireland, as well as in many cities on the continent.

Even after he had reached his ninetieth year he continued to travel extensively, addressing large audiences in Boston, New York, Montreal and elsewhere, and at Old Orchard Beach made a lengthy address to an audience of about 5,000 people, "his clear and resonant voice," so says one who heard him, "being fully equal to the extraordinary occasion."

He now confines himself to writing and short addresses to delegations who frequently visit him at his home. It is understood that he is engaged in the preparation of an autobiography to be published after his death. The present home of Neal Dow is on Congress street, in Portland, Maine, directly opposite the house in which he was born, and here he has lived during the whole of his long and eventful career.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE.

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles and sufferings so painful to many that life is made miserable. The womb like the bladder was created for one purpose, and if left alone it is not liable to become diseased, except in rare cases. When in position the womb is situated back of and very close to the bladder, and for that reason any distress, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided by paying a little attention to the condition of the urine (see pamphlet). The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention The Toledo Weekly Blade and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

BYRON AND GREECE.

Lord Byron died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, 1824, soon after receiving an appointment in the Greek service as commander of an expedition against Lepanto. It is somewhat remarkable that the Byron "revival," consequent on the publication of new editions of his works, should be coincident with the stirring occurrences in Eastern Europe, in which the government of Greece has played so prominent a part; and it is not strange under the circumstances that the connection of Byron with the successful Greek revolt against the Turkish despotism in the first quarter of the century, should again be a subject of general interest, and that his name should become, to a certain extent, an inspiration to the Greeks of the present day, and to their sympathizers throughout the world. Byron had written much of "the glory that was Greece," and when the uprising against the Turks came, the cause was one that appealed powerfully to his imagination and to the emotions of his better nature. He threw himself heart and soul into the movement, and had it not been for his untimely death, might have distinguished himself as a military leader of the Greek patriots. As it was, he certainly became an important factor in providing "the sinews of war." At that time Byron was a rich man, and he came handsomely to the assistance of the revolution with money of his own and with loans negotiated in London. His aid in this respect was of the utmost value. We may safely reject the stories that were set afloat at the time, that he cherished an ambition to put himself at the head of the movement, and even to become the King of Hellas. What he did for Greece, was doubtless prompted by a generous spirit, and was thoroughly consistent with the love of freedom and hatred of tyranny so powerfully expressed in his best poems.

So, though the noble bard died all too soon to witness the achievement of Grecian independence, he became one of the heroes of the new nation, and in its cause to-day, "his soul goes marching on." And, it may be added, the present situation affords unusual opportunities for effort on the part of the London Byron Society, which, we may be sure, will be improved in every possible way.

APART WITH GOD.

Apart with God—how beautiful the thought!
From cares of earth to win such sweet release;
To lay aside the vexing task, half-wrought,
And by the green, o'ershadowed path of peace
Seek the white altar that the saints have sought.

Oh, precious is the quiet place of prayer,
Where heaven and earth, where God and mortal meet,
To that dear spot come neither pain nor care,
And all about is like a garden sweet.
The flowers whereof shed healing on the air.

There, brother, bring your trial's vexing thorn,
And God shall pluck it out and give you rest.
There bring your sin, and He whose side was torn
Shall cleanse your soul to be His palimpsest,
New-written as your spirit is new-born.

None is forbid that blest communion—none,
The hands that spanned the cruel cross so wide,
Thus would they clasp the troubled race, as one
Lost brother, by love's anguish justified,
Come, whosoe'er, behold, you are God's son!
—Advance.

Good Reasons.

"Why so sad, dear boy?"

"Storm put off wash day five days in succession in our boarding house, and we got five wash day dinners without being able to kick."—Truth.

YOUNG HOBART'S JOB.

There is the right sort of stuff in young Garret A. Hobart, jr., the twelve-year-old son of the Vice President of the United States. He is a lad that will bear watching. Nothing of the precocious about him. He is a chip of the old block. At his early age he shows the same inclination for hard work and a desire to advance himself that brought his father to the second highest office in the gift of this great country.

Garret A. Hobart, jr., or "Junior," as he is called by everybody in the neighborhood of his Paterson home, is not a robust lad, and for that reason was never sent to school. But he takes a robust interest in affairs outside his tutor and his toys, and would sooner continue something odd and useful with his slender fingers than read the most fascinating of romances about Indians and pirates.

Many months ago he began to delve into the mysteries of applied electricity. Ned Van Piper, his most intimate chum in Paterson, joined him in his researches, and the youngsters made astonishing progress in their studies. So successful were they, indeed, that the entire house-

YOUNG GARRET A. HOBART.

hold of Hobart was thrown into paroxysms of surprise, not unmixed with dismay, for "Junior" wired the house over in the equipment of various devices of his own invention, until the most simple operations resulted in the most unexpected developments.

To this day there are electric fixtures in the Hobart mansion whereby, among other things, the cook can light the kitchen fire by pressing a button at the head of her bed; the master of the house may signal the number of the guests he is bringing home to dinner the moment he reaches the front gate, or the incautious burglar may unchain the bulldog, by fumbling with the window fastenings.

Having so installed his father's house so that one could hardly move an elbow without ringing an alarm or opening a door, the ambitious young electrician and his partner turned their attention to their neighbors. For a modest consideration they offered to supply them with complete electric bell outfits, and the neighbors jumped at such a chance. Since that time the neighbors have carried on their fad as a regular business.

When Garret A. Hobart, the elder, went to Washington to be inaugurated, he took Garret A. Hobart, the younger, with him. "Junior" was immediately impressed with everything he saw on that memorable occasion, with nothing so much as the brigades of hungry-looking people, who, his father told him, were office-seekers.

For a few elapsed into deep thought for a few minutes, and then said wistfully:

"Papa, I wonder if Mr. McKinley would give me the job of taking care of the bells in the White House?"

The Vice-President was talking to Senator Elkins at the time and his son's artless query passed unheeded. Vast, then, was his surprise and mystification the following day when the President clapped him on the back and exclaimed:

"Hobart, that boy of yours is a treasure! I've just had the pleasure of appointing him electrician of the White House on his own application."

SPRING ADVENT.

The year's on the turn,
The night is toward morn,
Winter's behind.

There's a sword blade of green
The black earth clods between,
And a kiss on the wind.

The days have grown longer,
The sun has grown stronger,
Robin a-lone
Shall have sweet company
In the bush and the tree
Ere a great while be flown.

Soon, soon the tall arches
Of beeches and larches
Grow misty and gray,
For the leaves that are coming
The spring that is homing
The winter away.

The grass shall smell sweet
For the treading of feet;
The crocus shall start;
The daffodil glancing,
And the wind dancing,
Shall lift up the heart.

The year's on the turn,
The night is toward morn,
Dawn in her eyes,
And our joy's coming home,
O'er the sands and the foam,
With a tender surprise.

McKINLEY AND THE PUBLIC

New President's Attempt to Keep Open House and See Callers.

President McKinley is beginning his term of office in a way that bids fair to be more popular, and which he believes will do much to maintain harmony between the executive and the legislative branches of the government. It is his present policy to see as many as possible of those who call upon him, and when the waiting delegations get very large in the anteroom Secretary Porter literally throws open the door, and all who are on the anxious seat walk in to see the President. He can thus dispose of his callers much more rapidly, for the pressure from behind prevents any one claimant from staying too long or saying too much.

In other respects, moreover, President McKinley is pursuing an opposite policy from his immediate predecessor. He goes out for a walk nearly every afternoon with a friend. The White House grounds on the south front, which used to be a public thoroughfare, but were locked up during Mr. Cleveland's administration, have been thrown open again, and the passageway through them, a short cut from the state, war and navy departments building to lower Pennsylvania avenue, which was always much prized by those who had business in the neighborhood, will once more become popular. The extra police officers about the White House grounds, whose presence was clearly justified by the very hostile feeling during the sharp days of the panic, have been sent back, and the reduced number of guards will be hailed by enthusiasts as a fresh sign of "democratic simplicity." These features are in themselves of little importance except as they are related to the personal popularity of a President. Most unprejudiced observers believe that Mr. Cleveland was no more exclusive in any particular than it is wise and right for a President of the United States to be. At the same time his course brought down upon him a great deal of personal animosity in quarters where little things have a heavy weight.

But there is a still more striking and vital difference between the two rPeoldents in their method of treating the office-seeking question. Mr. McKinley is sending all the office-seekers back to their Senators and Representatives for "endorsements." He is telling the Senators that they must "get together" on their recommendations and not bring their disputes to him to settle. When a personal friend called the other day to ask for a foreign mission Mr. McKinley asked him if he "had the endorsement of his Senator" and, on his answering that he was so well known to the President that he did not think that would be necessary, he was informed that such an endorsement would be "highly desirable." When Senator Mason, of Illinois, called with the papers of a constituent who wanted an appointment somewhere, the President inquired if Mr. Cullom agreed with them all, and on learning that there was some doubt on that point, referred Mason to his colleague for conference. Incidents of this kind might be indefinitely multiplied to show that President McKinley's theory in the distribution of federal office is that the applicant should come up to him after being sifted through by the Senators and Representatives of his own political party in their respective states. —Washington correspondence New York Evening Post.

A GEORGIA MULE POEM.

If I were a mule
And some blame fool
Would dare to lash me through
A dead tough road
With a great big load,
I'll tell you what I'd do—
I wouldn't crow
But I'd just lie low
And keep most mighty mum"
Then I'd get a chance,
When I'd kick his pants
Clear into the kingdom come.
—Rockwell New Era.

What It Sounds Like.

"I don't like," remarked Senator Sorghum, "to hear a man constantly asking to be delivered from his friends."

"It's a common sentiment."

"Yes; but it always sounds to me as if he had been borrowing money from them."—Washington Star.

Afraid.

He was watching a neighbor's troublesome boy climb a tree, and he had a look of painful anxiety on his countenance.

"Are you afraid the lad will fall?" was asked of him.

"No," he replied, "I'm afraid he won't"—Tit-Bits.

Hood's Pills

Best to take after dinner; prevent distress, aid digestion, cure constipation. Purely vegetable; do not gripe or cause pain. Easy to take. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. 25 cents.

A Great California Story,

By Bret Harte,

IN THE TOLEDO BLADE.

THREE PARTNERS;

OR,

The Big Strike on Heavy-Tree Hill.

BY BRET HARTE.

A Companion to "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and Other Famous Mining Tales.

Three Partners is a story of early mining days in California. In it Bret Harte returns to his old style—the virile, sympathetic style which made his fame. His characters are miners, and, although the tides of varying fortunes float them out into the wider world, they come back to California in the end as managers of large enterprises.

The "partners" who made the "big strike" are Jim Stacy, shrewd and stern; George Baker, boyish and lovable; and Philip Demorest, dreamy and generous. Mixed up in the ingenious web of the story are a number of Western studies. Our old friend Jack Hamlin, the gambler, makes a brief but picturesque appearance.

Then there are "Whisky Dick" Hall; the villainous prospector, Steptoe; and the cunning Belgian, Paul Van Loo. The love element of the story is furnished by the beautiful Mrs. Horncastle and the fair, but heartless, Kitty Baker. "Three Partners" is lively, vigorous, and dramatic, and is undoubtedly the greatest story Bret Harte has ever written.

This great story by Bret Harte will be begun in the Weekly Blade of April 8.

EVERY PART MADE UPON HONOR

MODEL 1.

MODEL 2.

TOLEDO BLADE BICYCLE.

Shipped to any part of the United States by freight, and the Weekly Blade one year to any address, ordered for

only $45.00

Last year we sold all the Toledo Blade bicycles we contracted for, and every buyer was perfectly satisfied with his bargain. Toledo is the bicycle manufacturing center of the United States. It has more bicycle factories than any other city in the world. It also is celebrated for having the most widely circulated weekly newspaper in the United States—the Weekly Blade. Hence it is in accord with the fitness of things that we should combine an excellent bicycle with our subscription offers.

THE TOLEDO BLADE BICYCLE.

pattern of 1897, is a STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS machine, built on honor, adapted for all uses and for all roads, that we can offer to our readers FOR CASH at a price somewhat crabby less than even cheap makes are sold.

This wheel is built to retail for $85, and we guarantee it to be fully equal to any wheel that retails for even $100. The cheapest bicycle now sold in the United States and built to sell in competition with good wheels for $50 to $65, but you must remember that such wheels are not worth any more than this price. They are not durable, nor adapted for ordinary country roads.

We want it distinctly understood that the wheel we now offer is worth from $85 to $100, and can not be bought any place else in the world, except of the Toledo Blade, for less than $85. But we will sell it for

$45.00 CASH.

The wheels will be shipped by freight to the address given, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of wheel. This will be but a small sum, as the crated wheel is light.

Above we give small cuts of the wheel, both the ladies' and gentlemen's pattern, which give a fair idea of its appearance.

THE 1897 PATTERN.

Both patterns of the Blade bicycle are a decided improvement over that of last year. Here are the specifications of both. Model 1 is the gentleman's wheel, Model 2 the lady's wheel.

The frame is of the latest large tube pattern, either diamond or drop, made of Elwood seamless cold-drawn steel tubing, throughout. The regular height of Model 1 is 24 inches, 26 inches when so ordered. Regular height of Model 2, 21 inches, 23 inches when so ordered.

The front forks are much improved over last year. They are reinforced at both top and tips with a solid drop-forged crown, strong, light and durable. The crown is nickel-plated.

The regular wheels are 28-inch of both models, but we will furnish Model 2 with 26-inch wheels when so ordered. The rims are Perry's interlocking rock elm. The spokes are tangent double-swaged, of cold-drawn steel piano wire, rolled thread, turned brass nipples. The hubs are the latest barrel pattern, turned from solid bar steel, ball oil cups. We furnish either Morgan & Wright quick repair tires, or Vim single tube.

In the sprockets we have a decided improvement in making the rear one detachable. Both are of drop-forged steel; they are simple, strong, light and durable.

The regular gear is 68 for Model 1 and 60 for Model 2; but we will furnish higher or lower, if desired.

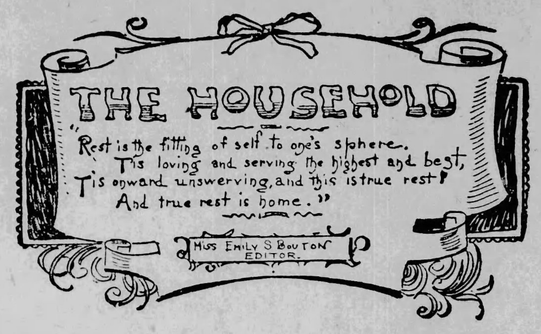
The pedals are the King combination rat-trap and rubber.

We furnish regular handles of medium drop, but will furnish handles of any desired pattern, from ram's horn, to upturned, with leather wrapped wood, furnished with the best grips, English pattern.

The chain is Humber pattern, with solid center and hardened rivets.

Our new crank is splendid. It is made of special spring steel, hardened, threaded for pedal and keyed to the axle with the Woodruff method, the most approved method known; the crank has 6-inch throw.

The wheel base is 42½ inches; Model 1 weighs 23 pounds, Model 2



NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows flutering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a farther room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer,
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
And, as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me,
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And "now I lay me down to sleep."
—Eugene Field.

OUR COZY CORNER.

THE COLD WEATHER MAKES IT PLEASANTER THAN EVER.

Keep Up Good Courage by Talking Matters Over With Love and Sympathy for All.

Isn't it strange how circumstances will change our opinion on almost any subject? For instance: A friend told me recently, with a most wonderful expression of countenance, that, though she sometimes had aspirations for a large dining room, a great deal of pretty china and glass, and for cunning little china cabinets in which to display these treasures, when housecleaning time came she was only thankful that she had no more of such possessions than she already owns; and that when she saw dust here, and dust there; on this shelf and on that table, she was cured of her desire for more things that would add to her cares.

To me, who had always looked upon her home as one approaching, as nearly as any I ever visited, immaculate neatness, this was surprising, and I am convinced that after the "spring festivities" (as the "man of the house" calls housecleaning) are over, she will backslide from these severe resolutions and again long to indulge in the love for the beautiful that is born in her and will, probably invest all of her spare pennies in dainty furnishings.

Nearly always a woman has a desire for new curtains or furniture covers after the spring cleaning. It does not seem right to put the things which we have looked at, and used all winter, back into the clean, sweet rooms. We can fold these things away till Fall, and then welcome them back to their accustomed places like old friends, but for the Summer we crave a change.

This craving can be gratified at a very reasonable cost, this year. It seems as if there were never as many varieties of beautiful draperies displayed in the shops as now, and at prices that will accommodate nearly every one.

Crisp, white, embroidered muslin can be found, plenty good enough for bedroom curtains, or for the sitting room windows, for 10 and 12 cents a yard, and from this price upward, a great variety of curtain stuffs is offered by the merchants.

I read in a fashion magazine recently that "no person of taste would be guilty of using Nottingham curtains; they had been entirely relegated to bar-rooms and saloons."

I beg, most respectfully, of course, to differ from this authority. The Nottingham curtains of to-day are woven in very dainty, pretty patterns, very unlike the coarse, heavy stuffs sold under that name a few years ago, and they are used by very many who certainly have claims to be considered "persons of taste," and of good taste, too.

Because we cannot afford to pay a high price for fine and expensive curtains, it does not follow that we need to let our windows be curtainless, and a clean, white drapery, be it Brussels, Irish Point, scrim, muslin or Nottingham lace certainly adds much to the appearance of a room, and our chief aim in arranging our homes, is or should be, to make them as attractive and pleasant for our own families as we can, and not to furnish them according to what other people may like, or approve.

Another pretty thing I saw in the store, was the Art denim used for cushions, draperies, etc. To such of us as are familiar with the old-fashioned, plain blue or brown denims, for making overalls and blouses for the boys, this cloth is a revelation. Soft, yet firm, and covered with flowers and designs in the loveliest of colors, it gives one pleasure to look at and make it up into different articles for use and ornament. This can be purchased in a bewildering variety of patterns and colors for 25 cents a yard.

These goods come in stripes of the College colors and it is, just at present, the fad of every young lady to have the cushions in her bed room covered with the colors of her college friends—if she is so fortunate as to possess one.

Speaking of "fads" reminds me of a conversation I overheard between two men, one who was complaining of the cost of replacing the buttons from his military overcoat, which his sisters and their friends had appropriated in order to fill the demand for "cadet buttons," to be worn by them as indicative of their acquaintance with some "soldier boy."

To be sure this man was merely a high private in a company that never had, nor probably ever would do any fighting, but as his sister said "nobody knew where they got the buttons from, and a button is a button." So he had to pay for their indulgence in this fad, by buying new ones for his coat.

The other man, who was much older, remembered the time when the girls in school must all have a black rubber finger ring, and that the buttons on his coat being made of that material, were either "begged off, or cut off," to his great inconvenience. Fortunately these, like more serious "fads," do not last long.

M. J. expresses a wish that will be seconded by many mothers who read The Blade, and upon a subject that some of them are very capable of treating to the advantage of others of less experience:

I have been a reader of The Blade for some time, and have always enjoyed the Cozy Corner chats, but have long wished we might have more on the training of the little ones. It is a subject of great importance to me, and I believe to every mother who rightly views her duties to her children.

I am the mother of three little ones, and the older they grow the greater is the responsibility.

I wish to extend to "A Mother" my heartfelt sympathy. If she wishes information on the training of her children, I think she would be pleased with "The Mother's Friend" address Mary Wood-Allen, M. D., Ann Arbor, Mich.

E. W. advises the discouraged sisters to:

Try and realize more of the love of God; think how you have your dearest, and then think that God loves you more than you can love them, that nothing can happen to them, or to you, without it is the Lord's will.

We read in Romans 8:28: "All things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord," and can't we trust our heavenly Father as our children trust us, knowing He will do what is best?

I think we can leave all things in God's hand knowing He will do all things right, for His love never faileth.

One who states that for forty years it has been his business "to try to comfort the distressed mind" sends a letter to this friend, from which we give the following extracts for the benefit of others. The letter was forwarded as he requested:

Is solicitude for the future of our loved ones wrong? When Jesus was in terrible agony on the cross, he manifested his human interest in the future welfare of mother, as he committed her to the care of His beloved disciple, John, as a crowning, and last example, for the comfort of every true heart in every loving household.

As to the decision of the doctors in regard to the death of the minister, they are just about as liable to err in judgment as you are. Sir Arthur Cooper said he had made "mistakes enough to fill a grave yard," and I could cite hundreds of such declarations from eminent physicians. Besides, the death of that minister has nothing to do with any of us, so should not trouble us, and there is certainly neither epidemic nor contagion in the matter.

God will not hold us accountable for doing things against a law that we know nothing about—in the sense I understand you, for they that are without law are judged without law, being a law unto themselves, their conscience accusing or else excusing. If we are in doubt, we should not do it, but do what we know is right.

Amelie, in a very pleasant little note to the editor, calls attention to a mistake in her former letter, which we gladly correct:

I noticed that the Bible reference I sent you read—John ix., 23, and should be: John ix., 2 and 3. This latter reference gives the meaning I wished to convey to "Lulu" for consolation.

Mrs. E. E. McL. comes again:

I did not know that there were so many good women in the world until I read the letters that have been sent in answer to mine. That is, I knew there were many good women, but I did not think there were so many who would have taken so much interest in a stranger's trouble, and written such comforting words to one who was nothing to them, except a fellow worker in the harvest field of the world.

Truly, "a touch of sorrow makes the whole world kin," and I feel as if every one of these sympathizing friends were my sisters, and if the time should ever come to them, when they need the sympathy they have shown to me, I pray God they may find as good friends as I have.

My husband has been obliged to spend the winter in a milder climate than this, on account of his health, and so I and my boys are managing affairs at home, and we feel quite proud of our success, and get along very well, but when the day's work is done, and I have time to rest, I long so much—how much, perhaps some of you can imagine—for the dear husband who never failed to give me the cheering, helpful words I needed when tired, or sorrowful, and it seems as if it would never come warm weather so that we can have him with us again to advise and comfort us, even if he is not strong enough to do more.

I enjoyed reading about the family that was "snowed under," because we have had almost the same experience, and could appreciate the joy these people felt when they once more saw daylight.

I wish to thank the ladies who wrote me such lovely letters, and thank our editor for her kindness in forwarding the two that were sent me. I appreciate them very much, but there are circumstances which make a private correspondence impossible for me, so I hope they will not feel as if their kindness was slighted, because they were not privately answered.

Knowing ourselves, our world—our task so great,
Our time so brief—'tis clear if we refuse
The means so limited, the tools so rude
To execute our purpose, life will fleet,
And we shall fade, and leave our task undone.

Jennie Page wishes some one to answer this question: "I am using some scraps of silk by cutting and sewing them like carpet rags, to make a slumber robe, or curtain. Will some one tell me what to use for warp in weaving them; how much a pound of the rags (cut fine) will make; directions for weaving and any other suggestions that will help an inexperienced person about the work?

Jennie has another trouble, which she sets forth in this manner:

Will some one tell me how to drive the provoking sparrows away from the martin house before the martins come back? I am at the end of my resources. My last plan was a boy and gun, but the first shot sent every sparrow out of sight to return and scold me bitterly as soon as boy and gun was gone.

They are smarter than I am, but there must be some kind hearts in this wide world that will help me destroy "mine enemy."

Let them all speak at once and not delay. Perhaps in a multitude there may be strength enough to overcome this pest.

Can any one send to The Blade, for the benefit of Ethel, directions for embroidering and making up a pair of suspenders for a young man? She would like to know the material used, the pattern to be embroidered, how it can be transferred to the material, and when that part is done, how it can be finished ready for use. She states that there are to be a wedding present, and closes her letter by asking if there is any impropriety in a lady giving such a present to the man she is to marry.

Although it would not be advisable for a lady to keep her future husband in suspense on any important subject, at least there seems to be no valid objection to her keeping him in "suspenders," and he will probably enjoy them as the work of her dear fingers more than if he had bought them of a street merchant, or even of the man who makes the remainder of his wedding suit.

By all means Ethel, embroider them and accept congratulations from the editor.

Mrs. F. Williams sends this answer to an inquiry that appeared in The Blade a long time ago, but which has never before received any notice:

To make your own blueing, take 5 cents worth of oxalic acid, 10 cents worth best Prussian blue and put into a porcelain vessel with three pints of soft water. Let boil for 15 minutes, strain and bottle. I have used this for five years and think it better, as well as cheaper, than any I can buy.

Life's Gateways, by Emily S. Bouton, is now wholly in the hands of the author, the Arena Company having gone out of the book business. The volume has received high encomiums from the press, having been said to be "a book which should lie upon the library or the work table for the every day reading of the family." Sent postpaid on receipt of the price—cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. Toledo, O.

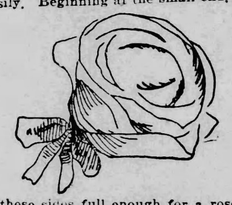
BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB.

Three Useful and Ornamental Articles Described by M. E. R.

At housecleaning time, one likes to have some new things to put in the clean rooms, and this week our friend M. E. R. tells us how to make three articles that will be an addition to the spare, best room, not only for ornament, but for use. The first she calls a

Rose Pincushion.

Cut strips of pink or yellow satin, 16 inches long, 2½ inches wide at one end and gradually narrowing to 1 in., at the other. Over the satin baste loosely, some white chiffon. On the reverse, place some rose-scented wadding, enough to cover the strip, allowing the two sides to meet easily. Beginning at the small end, gath-



er these sides full enough for a rose and fasten at the back to a wire, covered with the rubber tubing used for artificial flowers, or, if this cannot easily be obtained, cover the wire with green silk. To the end of the wire, tie loops of ribbon, by which to hang the cushion in a convenient place. In the center of the rose, make French knots of yellow silk and place a circle of black-headed pins around these.

Photgraph or Letter Holder.

Use a large, palm leaf fan, cut the edge as shown in the illustration, or in any desired shape. With tinsel cord wrap from the handle of the fan to the

edges. To the center of the fan fasten a pocket of silk, or satin, to harmonize with the color design of your room and finish with a bow of wide ribbon to match.

Glass Photograph Frame.

On a pane of common window glass 8x10 ins., paint a spray of flowers; bind the frame with narrow ribbon making a bow at the upper left hand corner.

Place the photograph at the back of the glass, holding it in place by strips of

ribbon fastened across the glass from top to bottom. A piece of cardboard the size of the glass should be placed directly back of the picture to hide the ribbons from the front.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

In answer to a request for directions for making chicken sandwiches, the cook gives one she obtained from Miss Campbell, principal of the cooking school in connection with the Manual Training School of Toledo. Miss Campbell's name is a guaranty of the excellence of the recipe.

Chicken Sandwich.

Boil the chicken until very tender, remove all bones and pieces of skin and chop the meat quite fine, moisten with salad dressing and spread between slices of bread which have been trimmed and the crust removed. A salad dressing or an oil mayonnaise may be used as preferred.

Salad Dressing.

Pour 4 tablespoonfuls of boiling vinegar on the beaten yolks of 4 eggs, or of 2 whole eggs. Set the bowl containing this in boiling water and beat constantly till smooth and thick. Remove from the fire, season and stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. When cool, thin with sweet cream. This dressing should be rather thick to use for sandwiches.

Seasoning for Salad Dressing.

Mix 3 teaspoonfuls of salt; 1 teaspoonful of mustard and ¼ teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Use about ½ teaspoonful of this mixture to season the above quantity of dressing. What is left will keep for a long time in a covered dish, without losing its strength.

Potato Salad.

Boil 6 medium-sized potatoes in salted water. When done, drain and mash them. Chop very fine ½ head of cabbage and 4 cucumber pickles. Mix these with the potato, and pour over it a French dressing and serve at once.

Macedoine Salad.

Cold mashed potatoes left from dinner can be used for this salad, using the other ingredients in proportion to the quantity of potatoes you have.

Cut into pieces about ¾ of an inch long, vegetables of different colors, such as carrots, turnips, beets and string beans. Drop them into boiling water with a little salt in it, and cook till tender. Remove with a skimmer to avoid breaking and pour cold water over them and let them stand till you are ready to serve them. Lay them on a soft cloth till dry and arrange in the salad dish according to your taste, either in successive rings, or in little heaps, or mixed. Pour over them a plain French dressing and serve at once.

Ancient Geometry.

"Oh, by the way," observed Archimedes, "did you ever try to square the circle?"

"No," said Socrates. "It was more than I could do to square myself."

Even as he spoke the shade of Xantippe could be heard demanding why he hadn't brought up the coal.—Detroit Journal.

Down the Mississippi.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

Clover and I concluded to go off pleasuring together. Both were in that state of mind and body when the world seemed a howling wilderness, so to speak, out of which had gone the greater part of what makes dwelling therein desirable or even endurable. In the strain which the rush of modern life brings to everybody, most people get to this place occasionally, but to tarry there unnecessarily is folly. We made up our minds to leave behind us every-day duties for a season, and to seek other scenes, under other and possibly sunnier skies.

It was because of this conclusion that we found ourselves, one morning, when the February sun was struggling with the clouds for expression, upon a Wabash train bound for St. Louis. And right here I want to introduce a "chuckle," in that the Pullman bank account is smaller by some dollars, by reason of the comfort of the chair cars used upon this railway, for which no extra charge is made. We sank into them with a sign of content, and this content did not diminish during the hours in which we moved smoothly and swiftly over the well ballasted road to St. Louis. Arriving at the latter city we found that, in some occult way, the courtesy of the passenger agent at the Toledo end of the line had been extended through, for we were met by a messenger of the agent ther, who piloted us to the hotel where rooms had been engaged for the night, in which we slept the sleep of the weary.

In the morning Mr. Griffin, the Wabash agent at the Mound City, called to see that we were transferred without trouble to the Anchor Line steamer, City of New Orleans, in which our passage to the Crescent City and return had been taken. Clover suggested that if our good fortune continued, we might come home imagining ourselves princesses of the royal house, though what "house" she did not mention.

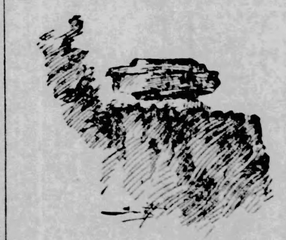
Our first view of the steamer rocking gently upon the bosom of the Father of Waters, was caught from the crest of the levee, adown which we picked our way through a crowd of shouting men and barrels—I am not sure the barrels shouted but the noise made it seem so then—and numberless wagons loaded with freight of all kinds, which was to be stowed away for carriage down the river. It was a novel and exciting scene to us, as well as a busy one, repeated several times during the week following, but never losing its interest. It was here that we first saw the Mississippi roustabout in all his glory, of whom more anon.

Going aboard the steamer, we found Mr. Berkeley, the pleasant general manager of the Anchor Line, and he, with the genial clerk gave us cordial welcome to the pleasant home in which we were to abide for some weeks to come. Clover's eyes met mine in a look of surprised approval as we surveyed the commodious room, with its two beds, and other home comforts, which was assigned to us for our occupation, and this satisfaction was not diminished when we let our eyes follow the stately sweep of the long saloon, lighted by day by numerous daintily colored glass windows, and by large chandeliers with their multiplied lights at night.

Several hours were to intervene before the boat would leave, and these we spent in wandering around the Mound City, in the course of which we met a familiar face, that of Rev. D. M. Fisk, whose sudden departure from his field of labor in Toledo is so greatly regretted. Although holding his friends in this city in affectionate remembrance, we found him full of enthusiasm for his opportunities of doing good work in St. Louis, supported, as he is, by those who sympathize with him thoroughly in his understanding of the meaning of Christian brotherhood, and with no opposers in his fold.

It was just at the noon hour when the City of New Orleans swung away from the wharf, and moved majestically out upon the bosom of the broad river. Just then the sun burst through the clouds, which had been lying low over the city ever since our arrival, as if to promise us good cheer upon our journey, a promise which was fulfilled to the uttermost.

The interest begins at the very moment of departure, and never ceases during the whole long route of 1,250 miles to the Crescent City. From St. Louis to Cairo is the most picturesque scenery, including the wonderful Palisades, which look in their drapery of moss like the ruins of some ancient castles or cathedrals. His Satanic Majesty seems to have had a good deal to do with naming points of interest along here, being several times represented. One point that particularly attracted our attention was The Devil's Tea Table, a round piece of rock upon high supports, which stands boldly out against the sky, looking like a veritable



THE DEVIL'S TEA TABLE.

table cut out of the solid rock by the hand of man, instead of being, as it is, one of Nature's pleasantries, in the way of carving.

This immediate locality is made memorable by the burning of the steamer Stonewall away back in the late '60's, by which so many people perished. As usual in such cases, it was a deck passenger who caused the disaster, and not any of the boat's crew. He smoked his pipe while sitting in some hay near the engine room, and in some way dropped fire into the inflammable stuff which was instantly ablaze. The pilot run the boat toward the shore, but she struck upon a sand bar leaving 50 feet of deep water between the terrified people and safety. Of course such an accident will be long remembered, much longer than a dozen railroad disasters by which so many lives are lost. We read of these things with a terror born of the thought of facing at the same moment the possibility of death by fire or by water, never realizing that statistics show the per cent of loss of life by steamboat disasters to be far less than that by railway.

Gradually, as we floated onward past the various points of romantic and historical interest, the skies seemed to grow sunnier and the air softer, so that we could remain upon deck most of the day without discomfort. The second night out, however, Clover and I had a little experience which shows the illusive power of imagination. We had seen by the weather reports that about that time a blizzard might be expected.

We went to bed with the moon shining brightly and no sign of a storm. Somewhere about the small hours I awakened, and became conscious of a noise which I instantly determined was the wind, while upon the deck above rattled the sleet or hail fiercely.

"Clover," I said; "Clover, it has come!"

"What has come?" she asked sleepily.

"The blizzard! Don't you hear it?"

She listened a moment and then began to shiver.

"How cold it is," she said. "The wind comes into every crack and crevice," and reaching up she seized her hood and shawl and proceeded to cover head and shoulders therein. Then we both wrapped ourselves closely in our blankets to shut out the raging of the storm, and were soon once more lost in slumberland.

In the morning when we arose, to our astonishment there was no sign of a blizzard, and investigation disclosed the fact that the night had been calm and serene from twilight to daylight. What we had heard was the rush of the water through the wheel and the falling of the cinders from the smokestacks upon the deck! The lowering of the temperature which we experienced, I shall leave without explanation. I did not wonder afterward, however that there were frequent showers of cinders when I found that the monster in the hold consumed each trip over 16,000 bushels of coal!

One of the most pleasant places to stay upon the boat is the pilot house, which is open to the passengers at all hours of the day. From this commanding position both sides of the river can be seen, and as much of the route forward and backward as the numerous bends will leave

THE PILOT.

visible. The pilot, while guiding the steamer, is ever ready to answer questions and to give information regarding the passing panorama. Upon the City of New Orleans were two, both shrewd, intelligent men, with a long experience at the wheel which made the Mississippi an open book to them at all hours of the day and night. And this knowledge means far more than appears upon the surface, for of all changeable, capricious, unstable, not-to-be-counted on things of this world, the Father of Waters carries off the palm. Millions of dollars have been spent by the government in the endeavor to give stability to the channel but to small purpose. Still it cuts its way through the solid earth, which it has hitherto gone around, defying every effort to keep it in its old way; still it eats away the banks in unexpected places while leaving towns that have stood upon its shores inland to the destruction of their commerce. Even Memphis is said to be threatened now with such disaster.

Talking of these changes the pilot said one day: "I have taken the boat over every foot of that space yonder," pointing to the solid ground covered with cotton wood trees in all stages of growth that stretched away to our right, "and over there," pointing to the left, "a mile and a half beyond that forest which you see, the river used to run." Then with a quizzical smile he added, "over yonder I tried farming once but in 1878 when the land all fell off into the river, I concluded to give it up and come back to piloting." He assured us, upon further questioning, that this was an actual fact.

Below Natchez, we were told, there was not a great deal of change, but from Greenville to Vicksburg and again from Helena to Cairo, thence to St. Louis, the variation is constant and unceasing.

It is this which makes the duty of the pilot so full of responsibility. There is a system of channel reports left by the pilot at the different landings on the route preceding, but he cannot depend wholly on these. He must know the river in all of its varying moods by night and by day, and at any stage of water. Every bend, chute and crossing must be as familiar to him as the furniture in his room, so that at any hour he can tell exactly where the boat is. It is not so wonderful, perhaps, in the day, though skill and judgment are needed then, but at night, when darkness has shut down over the scene, and the shores are only seen in dim outline, and to the untrained eye are hardly visible, then the wonder grows that it can be done with so few mishaps and so constantly.

[To Be Continued.]

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Among the letters received by Miss Prudence is one signed "Truth Lover," who is in search of knowledge. He asks: "Why could you use Cowboy's letter, written with a lead pencil, when you refuse to use others? If it is, as you have often said, impossible to use such, how could you have made it possible in this instance?"

Always willing to give information to the M. G. R.'s, present and prospective, Miss Prudence will explain that she "made is possible" for the compositors to use Cowboy's letter, by re-writing it in ink, something she cannot make a practice of doing, but for which she gave what seemed (to her) good and sufficient reasons in the issue of the Blade in which the letter appeared.

As a general thing an editor does not feel called upon to explain "why or why not," but lest any thought of favoritism should rankle in the minds of her girls, or boys, the Chaperone wishes to say once for all, that she has no favorites, except that she must naturally care more for those correspondents who show a desire to assist her in her efforts to make the M. G. R. columns helpful and interesting, than for those who wish to use it merely for the gratification of seeing themselves in print.

Any and every one who has anything of interest to say; any suggestion to make that will benefit our young people, is very welcome. The editor of the column may be addressed as Miss Prudence or the Chaperone, or even, as one little girl called her, "Miss Patience Prudence," but she objects most decidedly to being called (as she has been) "Aunt Prudence," or "Auntie Prue."—Please take notice.

The Merry-Go-Rounds, like the "Ohio man," are every where present, and the inauguration ceremonies of President McKinley were no exception. Our Stephen saw it all and sends the following for the benefit of we who were not so favored:

On inauguration day while waiting for the procession, I thought of the M. G. R.'s and wished they were all here, they would see a sight new to most of them.

Bunting everywhere, and Pennsylvania avenue all bunting, hardly a window, and not a building, without it in some shape. The decorators must have spent a great deal of time on the different designs, and though we Washingtonians trim our city very often, it seems that on this occasion there was more of it and much handsomer than ever before.

It was such a perfect day, and our new President must have felt much cheered by it, because he has so much work before him.

Pennsylvania avenue is very wide, being about 162 feet from curb to curb, and fifteen blocks long before there is a turn. Can you then imagine what a grand sight it was to look down the avenue and see the soldiers, horses and citizens coming up, company after company, the soldiers in their different uniforms? President McKinley would take off his hat and I was very much afraid he would catch cold after his recent illness, but I could not tell him to keep it on.

As the last two inauguration days have been stormy, two companies of citizens wore mackintoshes all alike, while another carried umbrellas of "Stars and Stripes."

A very heavy rope was strung along the line of march to keep back the crowd, and nobody allowed on the avenue except the policemen, and the procession that I would like to tell you about, but I am afraid of Miss Prudence and a certain basket she always has near.

I would like to ask who among the M. G. R.'s are Christian Endeavorers?

Missourian comes with an apology and some very excellent suggestions:

I beg your pardon, Bonnie Burnie, for having frightened you with my "stern voice" and question. You have what I think is one of the best, if not the best, occupation a girl can have. Every girl should try to be "mother's chief cook." Learn that first, girls, then take up some occupation if you care to. My mother taught all of her girls and boys too, how to cook and keep house.

Have all the members studied Holmes' "Chambered Nautilus?" I do not mean merely read it, but do they all understand it. Like you, Tonkie, I think there is more expressed in those last seven short lines than we can find in almost any other poem.

After having read a piece do you ask yourself "what do I understand the meaning of this piece to be?" Who has read and does not believe in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life?" It is one of my favorites.

A very dear friend of Miss Prudence says that she reads a good book, the first time, for the pleasure of reading well expressed thoughts; the second time to understand it and the third time to see if she has not overlooked something that will add to her enjoyment of the book, and which she seldom fails to find.

After this, she knows the book so well that she can open it at any place which may contain the help or comfort she wishes to have at any especial time. How many of the M. G. R.'s have ever read so thoroughly as this?

Sissy McNaughton has an excellent remedy for the trouble that affects Gilliat and others:

I would like to say to Gilliat and others who find time hang heavily on their hands to do as I sometimes do, when I am unoccupied. I take a book and learn a short verse of poetry; the next, in my leisure moments, I try a verse of prose; the next, I learn several words from the dictionary; how to spell them, pronunciation and definitions. You will find this will strengthen your memory and beneficial in conversation and composition.

My highest ambition, Egyptian Friend, is to travel the world over and "see the sights" (rather a selfish one, isn't it?) to write good literature and become famous.

Lenore, you are quite right about teachers, and you have my sincerest sympathy. One must be a walking dictionary, and no mistake. It is really very embarrassing to have to say, "I don't know," when any one asks you something above the ordinary and they will answer, "I should think you ought to know."

Sea Breeze, if all the M. G. R. members thought as you did about not being worthy a place in the column, what a dreary, desolate space in The Blade we should have.

I hear a great many people agitating the question of the end of time. Some very smart men are so deciding, what do some of our Christian members think?

Miss Prudence did not know that she was so near to Sissy's home, when she was at Mt. Tabor, or she would certainly have entered the "old fashioned white house, with the big orchard to the right of it," that she has just heard about in the private letter that accompanied the above.

Possibly she may some time have the pleasure of making a "tower" in a more satisfactory manner than on paper, and then she hopes to meet some of her girls and boys.

Southerner:—Sunflower Kid is correct in regard to a "free text book system," though the principal object in adopting the system should be to relieve the teacher of some of the many inconveniences he meets with in the public schools, and not in any way because the schools are deserving of such adoption.

Lenore, your qualifications requisite for a "successful teacher," are very applicable in some communities, especially those capable of little or no advancement, and having small means with which to pay a teacher.

Do the teachers of the circle think it other than disadvantageous for the children of a school community to be under a general impression that their parents do not allow them whipped in school? I think it worse than a mistake on the part of the parents.

A new friend, Consuelo, makes his bow this morning:

I come from the fields of Wisconsin, asking admittance to your circle, to join hands with you in your plan of mental, social and moral improvement, lending what aid I can.

Life at the longest is but a day, with the mighty river of time slowly but surely washing the sand from beneath our feet.

Whether at the foot, or on the mountain brow of fame, we should strive to gain a higher standard, to have a higher purpose in life, so that when life is no more the seeds we have sown will continue to grow.

Like Tonkie, to gain the heights of literature, is my highest ambition.

Hardtack looks in this morning long enough to say that he likes Bonnie Burnie's "recommendation," and adds: "I think the girl that stays at home and helps her mother, is the one who would make a good friend." Take courage, Bonnie, and do not think you are missing a vocation.

Crokinole, at his second appearance in our midst, expresses a wish that some of the M. G. R.'s might send some account of the inauguration ceremonies. He has his wish granted by Stephen, in this paper. Crokinole also says some very kind words to Miss Prudence, and would like to know how many of the M. G. R.'s are church members.

A new correspondent who took a whole page of fools-cap paper to tell us that she approved of our motto and believed in "common-sense education," is kindly and respectfully requested to spend a short time each day in the study of her spelling book; when she has done this, and learned to dot her "i's" and "x" to cross her "t's," and to say what she has to say in a reasonable space, she will be very welcome to come again, but, really, life is not long enough for the editor to prepare her letter for use, or to attempt to select the few grains of corn from a large amount of chaff.

WEE: THE GLOW-WORM.

A Story With a Meaning for You to Discover.

A wee glow-worm lived in a wood. He was such a fellow, the tiniest of all the family, so his brothers laughed and called him "Wee." But the old grandmother glow-worm, who was so wrinkled that they all thought her to be older than the world, and who knew ever so many wise things—this old grandmother said:

"'Wee' is the smallest of you all, but he shines more than any other, and while you are always thinking of yourselves, he never says 'I,' 'I,' but always 'We.'"

Just then little Wee came crawling along in a great hurry, squeaking as he came:

"Oh! we have found some of our favorite dinner under a big mushroom; do let us come and eat it quick, before the earth-worms find it."

Then all the brother glow-worms scuttled away after Wee, chattering in their tiny voices, which mankind never hears, and the old grandmother said to the father glow-worm:

"That dear child never thinks of himself first. Which of the other children would have called his brothers to the dinner he found? Our youngest always says 'We.'"

The father sniffed and wagged his head to and fro, in a glow-wormy way, and shuffled all his feet.

"What do you think makes him so unlike the rest, Grandma? Is it something that he will die of?"

The grandmother glow-worm said:

"Tish! Tush! my son; a dunce you always were, and a dunce you'll die, I fear. Wee is different from the others because—it is a secret; you must never, never tell."

The father glow-worm promised.

"Wee is different from the others because he has a larger light."

"How did his light get larger?" asked the father glow-worm, anxiously.

"Because he always said 'We, and not 'I, I,'" replied the grandmother.

"What a wise mother I have!" thought the father glow-worm; and then he went to sleep.

That evening little Wee sat under a bush, getting his lamp ready to light, when he heard a strange sound—something between a squeal and a sniff. He looked up, and there was a city sparrow, hopping about in a way which made Wee very anxious, for birds often eat little worms, he had heard. So he shrank closer to the stem of the bush, and made himself smaller than ever.

"Oh! you need not be afraid, you poor, ugly, little creature," screamed the sparrow. "I never eat glow-worms, they give me pains."

"I'm very glad—no, sorry—no, glthank you, ma'am, anyway," stammered Wee.

"You rude, vulgar, little dot," said the sparrow. "Do you think your glad or your sorry matters to me?"

"Oh, no; thank you, ma'am," said Wee.

He was always polite, especially to older ones than himself, but he could not help thinking that this was a very rude person. "I must have good manners for two," thought little Wee.

The sparrow hopped about, quite in a rage.

"I know you are thinking rude things," she screamed. "By the way your light twinkles I believe you are laughing at me."

"If you please, ma'am, you do look funny, hopping up and down like that," said Wee.

The sparrow swelled with anger.

"You miserable little worm," stuttered she, ruffling her feathers and bobbing her head. "You cannot hop at all, you can only crawl. How dare you laugh at one who can fly? Yes, I can fly in the air!"

"Oh, ma'am, can you fly as high as the stars, my elder brothers?" asked Wee, coming a little way out from the bush.

"Oh! ma'am, if you can, will you tell me about them? No one who can fly ever spoke to me before."

"I should think not, indeed; I am very good to do so. What can the dwellers of the air have to do with you, you crawlers of the earth? The stars, your brothers, indeed! What can you know about them?"

"I can love them, ma'am, if you please," said Wee.

"No you can't, if you don't know them. They would have nothing to do with such a crawling speck as you. Stars are very high and proud," said the sparrow.

Wee sank altogether and felt crushed. He loved the stars. Often, often, had he looked up to them and wondered if his light was a tiny speck of their light. Often he had said to himself: "I must light the dark places of the forest as well as I can with my small light, to be like the stars, my brothers." Now he was told that the stars were scornful and proud: one who could fly said so; it must be true.

"Oh! I thought the stars were kind because they shine on all alike," sighed the poor little Wee.

A croaking voice came from overhead. It was the owl who lived in the bush.

"Never mind what the sparrow says child," remarked the owl, "she can only fly as high as a church steeple. What can she know about the stars? She knows nothing. Be off, you foolish little sparrow. You know more about the city gutters than the air," laughed the owl.

The sparrow hung her head and danced sideways. Then she looked up with an impudent look out of the corner of her eye. "I know enough to know that owls only see the darkness. Owls know nothing of the stars, either," screamed she.

All the birds round about woke up then and began to dispute and argue as to which could fly the highest and which knew about the stars. And while they disputed a great rush of wings was heard and they all stood at "attention," like soldiers. It was the eagle, the king of the birds, who came by. As he came he cried out:

"Cease your disputes and live in peace. You all know that the eagle flies higher than any other bird, and looks the great sun in the face."

All the birds were silent then, but Wee peeped from under his bush.

"If you please, sir, do you know the stars?" he asked.

"Not I," said the king of the air. "Only men know the stars. But that's an tell you, a glow-worm can never know anything about the air and all the wonders in it, for glow-worms never fly. I am sorry for you, small worm, but that can never be. Up into the air you will never go."

"But if I were to ask a man——" Wee began. He could get no further. The owl hooted, the sparrow chuckled and pipped, the woodpecker whistled, all the birds of the forest laughed together at the idea of man noticing this worm, and as they laughed the eggs in nests hatched and small fry darted into the air on his splendid wings.

"You poor little worm," the owl said, "we don't mean to be unkind but the idea of a man speaking to you, it is quite too much. No doubt a glow-worm little creature, but——, hush-h-h! a man."

All the forest was silent. A man, yes two men, had entered it.

One man was a great astronomer, a student of the stars, whose name is known in every country in the world. He came straight to the bush where Wee was, talking, as he came, to his friend.

"Yes," said the wise man; "when I go up in my great balloon to study the stars I dare not carry any light. It is too dangerous. If the gas in the balloon caught fire it would explode and, as you know, any accident would kill us all. We should fall through the air and be killed."

"You do not want any light to see the stars by," said his friend. "You see the stars by their own light."

"Quite so," said the wise man politely. "The wise are always kind." "Quite so. But I cannot see my watch for the time, nor the marks on my instruments with which I study the stars. I must have some light to see those. And no common light is safe. So I am going to take a glow-worm up in my balloon with me. By its light I can see the marks on my instruments. And as I have noticed a glow-worm with a very fine large light about this bush of an evening, I have come here. Ah! here he is. Will you come with me, my little fellow?"

And with this he gently picked up little Wee, showing him to the friend.

"See what a large light he has for such a wee fellow," he said. "Ah! my little friend, if you only knew it, you are going up, up, far higher than any bird can fly, to study the stars in my great balloon with me."

Oh! how Wee's heart did beat! How brightly shone his light! He thought it could not be true. But it was true. He stayed long, long in the great balloon in the air; he came nearer to the stars than the earth; he felt how great the stars are. He, the little glow-worm, helped one of the wisest of men, who called him "my little companion." And when Wee returned again to the fores, and all the birds and creatures pointed him out as the traveled glow-worm, he was more modest than ever, for the stars had taught him how small was the whole forest, to say nothing of his little self. "Only my light is big," he would say to himself. "Even the stars are not so great as their light." And when creatures of the forest came seeking his advice and asking how to become great, he would only answer:

"Let your light shine."—Julia W. L. Keightley in Child-Life.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was born in Wayne county, Indiana, August 4, 1803, and died November, 1877. He became governor in 1861, holding the office for six successive years; was one of the most efficient of the "war governors," and did more than any other man in the state to thwart the disloyal plans of the secret association in aid of the enemies of the government, known as the "Order of the Golden Circle," or "Sons of Liberty."

W. P. E.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X

1.—Confidence.
2.—Son of Hammedatha.
3.—To surpass.
4.—Not cut open.
5.—A wading bird.
6.—A son of God.
7.—A son of Hish.
8.—To make.
The primals and finals spell one of the ten commandments.

C. M. B.

3.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

If a vessel in the shape of the frustrum of a cone, whose sides and bottom are ½ inch thick, the inside diameter of the top and bottom are respectively 11 and 5 inches, is placed in the center of a box of such sh

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

TALE OF THE SEA.

Shipwrecked People Drink Brine and Go Mad.

New York, March 19.—Later details of the wreck of the steamer Ville De St. Nazaire show a larger loss of life than was first reported. The four survivors rescued by the steamer Hilda are the only ones out of 82 persons comprising passengers and crew who are known to have survived the disaster.

The St. Nazaire was one of the West Indian fleet of the French trans-Atlantic Steamship company and employed between this and West India ports. She cleared from New York for Port De France, March 6. She was valued at $300,000. Her cargo was valued at $50,000, and she carried $25,000 in gold. Agent Forget said he did not know whether the cargo was insured or not.

On March 7, according to the story told by one of the survivors, a leak was discovered, but it was not thought to be sufficiently serious to warrant a return to port. By the middle of the second day, however, the leak had increased to a dangerous extent and a portion of the cargo on the port side of the vessel was damaged by the water which had commenced to pour in in great quantities. A terrible storm arose on the night of the second day and the heavy seas, together with the big leak, rendered the escape of the vessel from shipwreck an impossibility. Realizing that the ship was doomed, the captain ordered the four lifeboats to be lowered and into them crowded the passengers and crew. The boats were soon swept apart by the wind and waves. The boat which was found by the Hilda, six days after the sinking of the steamship is the only one of the four that has been heard of. Thirty-seven persons, it is said, were crowded into the boat from which the survivors were taken. One by one the men in the boat rescued were died from exposure or hunger, or were swept into the deep by the waves that broke over the small boat.

Engineer Staub stated that there was no unseemly haste in taking to the boats. The women and children were first sent overboard of the sinking ship and the passengers followed. Then the officers and crew of the doomed vessel took what places remained. Through his physician, Capt. Berri said: The supply of food and water on the small boat was exhausted the first day, and then began the awful struggle in which 31 of the 35 persons in the boat perished.

"Mrs. Tagado and her four children were among the first to succumb. The water gave out and a few biscuits remained. The men were choked in swallowing the dry stuff, and in desperation they drank salt water. Those who commenced to drink the brine could not stop and in a few days they became maniacs, dying in convulsions. Others who resisted the temptation to drink salt water could not stand the deprivation and died from hunger. Those who remained had not strength enough to move, and when the boat was picked up there were three or four of the dead with the living. I did everything I could to induce the unfortunate people from drinking salt water, and to set themselves to fight to death, but what I said had little effect."

Sixteen More St. Nazaire Survivors Picked Up.

New York, March 22.—Sixteen more souls have survived the wreck of the Ville de St. Nazaire, the ill-fated French liner, which went down in a storm off Cape Hatteras on March 8.

The welcome news was brought to this port by the North German Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II., which signaled the rescuing vessel, the tramp steamer Yanariva, as she was coming out of the British channel.

This news will cause many a heart to take hope again. It increases the chances by just 16 that some friend or relative may be safe. Besides, there is the possibility that the other two boats may have been picked up by other steamers.

Another Boat Picked Up.

New York, March 22.—A boat of the St. Nazaire was picked up by the steamer Creole, which arrived this morning from New Orleans. Six dead bodies were in the boat. No one alive was in it.

A CLEAN KNOCKOUT.

Corbett Goes Down Before the Tricky Cornishman.

Carson, Nev., March 17.—After two years of doubt and vexatious postponements, the heavyweight championship of the world was decided beyond cavil when Robert Fitzsimmons sent James J. Corbett helpless to his knees with a left hand blow under the heart after 1 minute and 45 seconds in the 14th round of their battle in the arena here this afternoon. The great contest was won in the simplest manner, and the knockout was the result of one unwary move on the part of Corbett. After the first minute of the 14th round had been spent in a few harmless clinches and counters, Fitzsimmons made a fake lead with his right for the jaw. It was a simple ruse, but it caught the Californian napping. Instead of keeping his body inclined forward, and throwing back his head just a trifle to allow the blow, which was of the very lightest kind, to slip by, Corbett contemptuously bent his head and chest backward and thus protruded his abdomen. Fitzsimmons' small eyes flashed, and like lightning he saw and availed himself of his advantage. Drawing back his left he brought it up with terrible force, the forearm rigid and at right angles to the upper arm. With the full power of his wonderful driving muscles brought into play, the Australian fairly ripped the blow up the pit of Corbett's stomach at a point just under the heart. Corbett was lifted clean off his feet, and as he pitched forward Fitzsimmons shot his right up and around, catching Jim on the jaw, and accelerating his downward fall. Corbett sank on his left knee, and with his outstretched right grasped the ropes for support. His left arm worked convulsively up and down, while his face was twitching with an expression of the greatest agony. Referee Siler threw up his hands on the call of ten and left the ring.

PINGREE OUSTED.

Michigan Supreme Court Rules in Mayoralty Case.

Lansing, Mich., March 20.—Governor Hazen S. Pingree is ousted from the office of mayor of Detroit. Such is the mandate of the Michigan supreme court, which orders a special election for mayor on April 5. The decision, which was unanimous, was handed down at 5:30 p. m. last evening.

The court in substance states that two theories are presented: First, that the holding of two such offices are in conflict with the state constitution. Second, that the offices are incompatible under the common law. Both of these propositions are sustained.

A large number of decisions are quoted respecting the first theory, which substantially agree that the holding of offices purely municipal would not come within the constitutional prohibition, but officers as such, appointive or elective, under the laws of the state which impose duties in relation to state affairs may be said to hold office under the state.

OLIVER OPTIC ILL.

Famous Story Writer is Sick Unto Death at His Home.

Boston March 19.—William T. Adams (Oliver Optic) is dying at his home in Dorchester.

He is 75 years of age, and has probably written more young people's stories than any other author. He made his reputation and fortune between 1850 and 1862, but his books are still in demand.

JACKSON AND WALLING HANGED.

Thus the Killing of Pearl Bryan is Avenged.

Newport, Ky., March 20.—Jackson and Walling were hung together from the double trap at 11:41½.

After the death warrant was read at 11:32 both declared their innocence. The crowds cheered loudly when the signal of the black flag went up.

The prisoners both stood with bowed heads saying the prayer. Walling's eyes

ALONZO WALLING.

were closed in prayer, Jackson's open. When Lee finished the prayer Jackson bid farewell. Walling also bid farewell. Walling whispered go, go, go.

Both died in great agony, evidently strangled, and their necks were not broken. Both were nervy up to the drop.

Newport, Ky., March 20.—The weather is pleasant and people poured into the city in crowds to witness the execution of Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling for the murder of Pearl Bryan. The condemned men spent a quiet but restless night, and were out at 5:30, ate hearty breakfasts, indulged in cigars and had a good time. At 8 o'clock the jail yard was full and vast crowds were outside of the enclosure, but Jackson and Walling were unmoved and indifferent. Both told their friends there was nothing true in their last confessions to Governor Bradley, and that they played it as the last resort. They did some writing during the morning, but their missives were to their relatives.

During the morning Jackson made another desperate effort for a respite by trying another confession. It resulted in delaying the hanging for two hours, but did

SCOTT JACKSON.

not save either of the men. After Jackson had made a statement Governor Bradley was telegraphed to in the interest of Walling.

In Jackson's confession he said Walling was not guilty of murder. Jackson had Pastor Lee, the death watch, Walling and all stand up as he repeated that Walling is not guilty.

This proceeding stopped the march to the gallows, as Sheriff Plummer called in Walling's attorneys and they wired Governor Bradley. Jackson broke completely down just as the march to the gallows was ordered to start, and wept like a child as he cried out that Walling was not guilty.

After coming from a consultation with the prisoners Judge Helm told Jackson that he must hang, and if he allowed Walling to hang with him he would have to answer to his Maker for a double crime. He also impressed Jackson with the fact that if he went before his Maker with a lie on his lips he would also be doing a double wrong. He then gave Jackson five minutes in which to make up his mind, leaving him unattended by the death watch. At the expiration of the time Jackson said that he could not say that Walling was innocent. This settled the fate of both prisoners, and the time for the execution was fixed at 11:30 o'clock. At 11:20 they started to the scaffold.

Just before leaving the cell Walling said: "I will tell you now at the last moment of my life that I was not there and I am innocent of the whole crime. Jackson has said as much, but it seems it will not save me. I cannot say any more. I will say no more on the scaffold."

Sheriff Plummer at 10:30 received a message from Governor Bradley saying that he had a telegram purporting to come from him (Plummer) stating that Jackson had stated that Walling was not guilty. Proceed with the execution, and if Jackson makes a statement on the gallows to that effect you may suspend Walling's execution until further directions from me.

Sheriff Plummer, on receipt of the message, ordered the men to prepare for the scaffold.

LOCOMOTIVE BLOWS UP.

Peculiar Accident on the Lake Shore at Chicago.

Chicago, March 22.—The boiler of the locomotive, which was hauling the Chicago and Boston special on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad, blew up yesterday morning instantly killing the engineer and fireman and completely demolishing the engine.

The engineer was hurled 200 feet into the air, through a network of telegraph wires that were stretched along the tracks and had his right leg torn off. The fireman was thrown against a cattle car with such force that almost every bone in his body was broken.

None of the remainder of the crew nor any of the passengers were injured.

The train to which the engine was attached is one of the fastest on the Lake Shore road, and leaves the Van Buren depot at 10:30 o'clock in the morning. The accident occurred about 11 o'clock as the train had just pulled out from the Englewood depot and was running at the rate of 20 miles an hour.

A peculiar feature of the explosion was the fact that, although the report was so loud it ws heard by residents half a mile away and the force so great that the engine was literally blown to toms, none of the passengers in the rear part of the train heard the report and were not aware that anything unusual had happened until they looked out after the train had come to a sudden stop. The train dashed along about 150 feet after the explosion took place, and although the stop was quite sudden, none of the passengers were thrown from their seats, and not one of the coaches was damaged by either the explosion or the sudden stop.

The men killed are Alexander Franks, engineer and Edward B. Smith, fireman both of Chicago.

TERRIBLE VOYAGE.

Six of the Crew Dead and the Others Helpless From Scurvy.

New York, March 22.—The long overdue American clipper ship, T. F. Oakes, which left Hong Kong July 4, 259 days ago, with a general cargo for this port, and which had been given up as lost, was towed into port yseterday by the British tank steamer Kasbek, Captain Muir, which picked her up last Thursday in latitude 38.10, longitude 68.44. The crew were sick with scurvy and six had died. The Kasbek was bound from Philadelphia for Fiume, Ausuria, with a cargo of oil, and left the former port on Saturday, March 13.

Captain Reed, of the Oakes, tells a terrible story of suffering and privation. When the Oakes sailed from Hong Kong, the crew were apparently in the best of health, with the exception of Captain Reed, who had been ailing for some little time, but who, under the careful nursing of his devoted wife, thought himself on the high road to recovery. When about six days out in the China Sea, a terrific typhoon was encountered, lasting several days, during which the fore and main topmasts were sprung. The vessel was obliged to run before the gale, which had no sooner blown itself out than it was followed by a second typhoon which blew with great fury for 24 days. The vessel had then got well out in the North Pacific and so far off her course that Captain Reed decided to shape his course via Cape Horn rather than by the Cape of Good Hope, hoping thereby to make better time. The weather remained fine, in fact nothing but light, baffling airs and calms were experienced until Cape Horn was rounded, 167 days out. In the meantime the Chinese cook had been taken down with a severe cold and died November 11.

Stricken With Scurvy.

Afterward a seaman named Thomas King was taken down with what appeared to be scurvy and died December 26. In quick succession Seaman Thomas Olsen was taken ill and died January 12; Thomas Judge, another seaman, was taken ill with cancer of the stomach, and later Mate Stephen G. Bunker showed symptoms of scurvy. The latter died February 4, and was quickly followed by George King, an old man, who died on the 9th. On the 17th Judge succumbed, making in all six deaths. One by one the other sailors were obliged to quit work until on March 1 nobody was left except the second and third mates, the captain and his wife. All were well nigh exhausted, and when a strong northerly gale sprung up on that day the brave woman was obliged to take the wheel, and for eight hours without relief and without as much as a drink of water she kept the ship on her course. The provisions were running short, although a supply had been obtained on January 12 from the American ship, Governor Robie, from New York to Melbourne, when off the Island of Trinidad, and the crew were left without other than the barest necessities. A sharp lookout was kept for passing vessels, but nothing was seen until the Kasbek hove in sight.

The Oakes is an iron three-masted ship, built by the late Commander Gorringe at Philadelphia in 1883. She registers 1,897 tons. On March 13 she was reinsured at 90 guineas premium.

WOOL BOOMING.

Trade is More Active Than for Several Years.

Chicago, March 17.—"More wool has been sold out of Chicago for Western mills during the last sixty days than during the previous six months," said R. R. Street, of the R. R. Street & Co., agents for an Eastern mill machinery and wool en mill supply house. "The wool is wanted for immediate use, and to working on actual orders. This is the first direct effect of the proposed tariff bill, as buyers realize they must pay higher prices and are accordingly giving the mills their orders now. Last fall and winter 85 per cent of the woolen mill machinery of this country were idle; now it is nearly all at work.

"A great many foreign goods will be brought in before the bill takes effect and those will fill up the market and keep the mill men quiet until they have been consumed. With a proper tariff act in force, however, it will not be long before every bit of our mill machinery will be running full time. There are nearly 250 woolen mills, large and small, in the Mississippi valley. This is 25 to 30 per cent less than we had 20 years ago. If the present tariff law should remain in effect all, or nearly all, of them would be forced to close up or pay their help on the same basis as that paid in Europe.

"A canvass of the wool houses showed that while sales to Western mills had increased enormously, the last three or four weeks, the purchases by Western mills were as nothing to those made on Eastern account."

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

Wealthy St. Louis Child Has Mysteriously Disappeared.

St. Louis, Mo., March 17.—Ella Burden, 11 year-old heiress to $100,000, has been inexplicably missing from her home since Monday. She lived with her grandmother, Mrs. Burden, at 5032 Minerva street, and left home Monday for the Dozier school, where she is regarded as one of the brightest and prettiest of the several hundred pupils. At 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, the usual hour, she left the school for home and went part of the way with several other girls to a point where she usually took the car for home. Nothing has been heard of her since.

Her father, who is married the second time, has permitted the child to live with his mother, which was the dying request of her mother several years ago. The child frequently went to her father's, and her grandmother, thinking she was there, thought nothing of her absence until late at night, when her father failed to bring her home. The alarm was at once given, Mr. Burden has every agency possible at work for her discovery. He declares the only possible theory for her disappearance is that she was kidnaped and is being held by her captors until a sufficient reward is offered.

Ella is a beautiful child and well grown for her age. A large reward is offered for her return.

SUGAR POURING IN.

Immense Quantities Being Imported in a Hurry.

Boston, March 17.—The wholesale sugar market in this city has entered upon an interesting phase. In anticipation of the new tariff bill, which is expected to go into effect on May 1, imposing a duty of one cent and upwards per pound on all sugars imported into the United States, the sugar importers are actively engaged in buying up all available sugar, both in the markets of Germany and Cuba, for prompt shipment to this country in an effort to get the commodity into the market without paying to the government the new tax. The valuation of the sugar on the way and booked for shipment to Boston alone will reach into the millions, and the money saved on duty provided the sugar reaches here before the new tariff goes into effect will be enormous.

SILVER FALLING.

Buyers Fear That Japan May Cause a Big Slump.

New York, March 17.—Considerable weakness has been apparent in the silver market recently on heavy liquidations.

Bar silver declined yesterday 1 per cent to 62 on reports that the London market was disorganized owing to the sentimental effects of the efforts making by the Japanese government to adopt the gold standard.

Buyers have withdrawn temporarily from the market, and in the absence of support the price sagged sharply, London quotations touching 28⅝. Considerable apprehension is felt as to the effect on the market in the event of the bill in the Japanese parliament becoming a law.

His Last Jump.

Jacksonville, Fla., March 18.—Brodie Williams, the high diver, jumped in a ball of fire, from a 75-foot tower into Lake Worth at Palm Beach, struck the bottom, broke his neck, and died within a few hours.

GEN. DRAPER APPOINTED

As United States Consul General at Havana.

Washington, March 17.—Gen. Draper, of Massachusetts, may go to Havana as consul general to succeed Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. He admits that President McKinley has solicited him to accept the appointment, and while he is adverse to doing so, and has so expressed himself to the President, he does not feel like ignoring the President's wishes in the matter. This means that if he is pressed he will accept. It is probable that he will be pressed.

It is the belief of the administration that the Cuban question will be solved in a few months, and after it is settled

GENERAL DRAPER.

an attempt will be made to have the ministerships of Spain and Russia raised to ambassadorships. When this is done, if Gen. Draper is persona grata to Spain, he will receive that appointment. If not, the minister selected for Russia may be transferred and Gen. Draper given the mission to St. Petersburg.

The pressure being brought to bear upon Gen. Draper to take the place of consul general to Havana clearly indicates what the policy of the administration on the Cuban question is to be. Gen. Draper, while on the foreign affairs committee of the House, leaned to the side of non-interference. At the same time, he is a thorough American, and could be relied on to take every precaution for the protection of American citizens and to make every proper demand in their behalf. This is just the kind of a man President McKinley desires for the place. Just before coming to Washington, when asked what his policy on the Cuban question would be, the President replied: "Conservative in everything except the protection of American citizens."

FICKLE IN LOVE.

Women Defeat a Gay Deceiver at the Polls.

Kansas City, March 20.—B. L. Short, of Kansas City, Kan., has learned that it does not pay to be fickle in love. Mr. Short is city clerk and was a candidate before the Republican primaries for the nomination for mayor. But Mr. Short had a record, and this record took him down to defeat.

For twelve years he "kept company" with Miss Sadie Parsons, and had been engaged to marry her. They were to have wed last fall. One day Miss Parsons was startled by a notice in a Kansas City paper that Mr. Short had been married the evening before to Mrs. Grace Foreston a divorcee. It was this that led to Mr. Short's undoing yesterday. Women vote at Kansas municipal elections, and at primaries as well, and when they heard Miss Parsons' story they declared war on Short's candidacy.

Miss Parsons' teacher friends were especially active. Thursday afternoon every hack in town was engaged in bringing women to the polls to vote against Short. When the returns came in about midnight a great shout went up in hundreds of households, for Short, the men's candidate, was beaten, and the jilting of Miss Parsons was avenged.

MICHIGAN BEET SUGAR.

Both Houses at Lansing Pass the Dudley Bill.

Lansing, Mich., March 17.—The Dudley beet sugar bill has passed both houses and only the consent of the governor keeps it from being law. As he has been an earnest advocate of the measure for the relief of the farmers, there is no doubt as to his affirmative action and sugar beets will be worth to the agriculturists the legal 4 cents a pound, while the manufacturer will be entitled to his bounty of 1 cent a pound for the sugar produced. But his excellency will not have the appointment of any inspectors, for the house this afternoon concurred in the Senate amendment giving the appointments to the commissioner of the state land office.

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE.

Russia Taking Prompt Measures for Protection.

Washington, March 22.—The Russian government, according to United States Consul General Karel at St. Petersburg, is acting with vigor to prevent the spread of the dreaded bubonic plague into Russia. A sanitary commission has been created with a fund of 100,000 roubles to draw upon, and it has added these new measures of precaution to the existing regulations: First, to send an expedition of medical men to India to investigate the causes and effects of the plague. Second, to prohibit for this year the pilgrimage of Russian Mussulmans to Mecca or to other places where the Shiites are wont to resort for devotional purposes, and to forbid Russian Christians visiting the holy places of the East. Third, to prepare and have in readiness a sufficient quantity of Dr. Jerson's anti-plague serum. Fourth, to send to threatened localities an ample medical staff and medicines to assist the local authorities in resisting the plague. Fifth, to publish in the official newspapers full accounts of the progress of the disease and the workings of the preventative measures.

It was reported that several Indians who had come to Afghanistan had died at Kandagar last December. In consequence the Russian and Persian governments have established military cordons on the Afghan frontier and cut off intercourse, though there have been no additional cases reported.

CANADA DISPLEASED.

With the Proposed Duties of the Dingley Bill.

Montreal, Que., March 22.—Since the provisions of the Dingley tariff bill were announced it has been carefully canvassed here and the concensus of opinion seems to be that it is hostile to the interests of Canada. The lumber trade has been mostly to the front and there is a general demand for export duty on saw logs and all kinds of pulp wood. The indications are that the government will accede to this demand and that the forthcoming revision of the tariff will not be so much in the line of lower duties as was promised before the elections. Aldermen Prefontaine, M. P., who has just returned from a conference with the ministers at Ottawa, has intimated pretty plainly that this is the case, and that retaliatory duties will be imposed against the United States all along the line.

QUART SHOPS ARE SAFE.

City Attorney Says New Law as to Them is Inoperative.

Richmond, Ind., March 18.—City Attorney Aurthur C. Lindemuth, in an opinion, holds that the anti-quart shop law passed by the state legislature is inoperative and can not be enforced. He says that it does not change the criminal features of the old law. The Richmond quartshops will be allowed to continue a business.

Thos. Slater has a message for every man on page 5. Don't fail to read it.

THE CRETAN TROUBLE.

BLOCKADE BEGUN.

Situation in Crete is One of Expectancy.

Canea, Crete, March 22.—The situation in Crete may be described as one of expectancy. The fact that the blockade had formally begun was generally communicated from Canea to all points of the island on the telegraphic circuit yesterday. Pillaging still continues. Three Turkish soldiers who were caught in the act of pillage Saturday night at Halepa fired on the gendarmes who returned the fire, killing one of them.

Some doubt is now expressed by the officials here as to whether Colonel Vassos, commander of the Greek forces in Crete, will be able to hold out long, owing to the scarcity of provisions. It is also denied by the officials that there is friction between the admirals and the consuls.

Turkish Troops Make Trouble.

The necessity of removing the Turkish troops from the island becomes more and more imperative. Absolutely nothing else, continues the correspondent, will convince the Cretans of Europe's sincerity. It may be regarded as certain that they will even prevent the departure of the Greek army by force until the Turks have gone. There is no time to be lost. It is impossible that Greece and Turkey could long support the armies they have mobilized. Either may prefer provoking a struggle to seeing its troops starve.

The foreign warships have already arrived at Crete, and the sultan should be induced, the correspondent says, to make a voluntary recall of his troops. Greece might then be willing to recall Colonel Vassos.

Vassos Takes Offensive.

The Italian officers returned Sunday night from the camp of Colonel Vassos in the center of the island, and they report that he has declared his intention to resist any attempt to force the withdrawal of the Greek troops. He said he would himself tear up every copy of the autonomy proposition that came his way, and he gave them the impression that he intended to assume the offensive.

DE BLOWITZ THINKS

The German Emperor Has Grievance Against Greece.

New York, March 19.—The World prints a long copyrighted cable from M. De Blowitz at Paris, on the Cretan imbroglio. M. De Blowitz states the causes of Emperor William's hostility to Greece to be:

"He has laid up against the Greeks the bad reception he met with during his visit to Athens.

"He is irritated also, owing to the utterly unnecessary conversion of his sister to the Greek faith.

"He is furious with the Greeks because German capitalists have lost a good deal of money in Greek investments.

"And finally, he feels about the Cretan business as he felt about the Jameson raid—namely, that it is a case of violation of territory in time of peace."

Russia is coercing Greece, M. De Blowitz says, because she has bound herself to "the integrity of the Ottoman empire."

Russia's Obligations.

The obligations consist in defending integrity, not only by its influence, by its diplomacy, by moral suasion, but also by force, by its land and sea power.

The "rights" consist in its taking, in case the integrity were menaced or compromised, every strategic or preventive measure in occupying points judged to be strategically necessary on land or sea, insuring itself certain compensations—all the more menacing as they are quite unknown. M. De Blowitz concludes: "I am convinced that Greece will finally yield, but I doubt very much whether it will do so promptly, as is generally supposed.

"Colonel Vassos, I believe, and I have good reasons for thinking so, will retire into the interior of the island, and there, out of danger of the bombs of the fleet, he will hold out as long as possible.

"The 800 or 900 men under his orders can live on almost nothing, and the Cretan insurgents, who, under Greek influence, reject autonomy and admit annexation only, will always furnish them provisions enough to keep them alive.

"Europe, I am convinced, will finally triumph."

GLADSTONE TLKS,

And Tells a Few Wholesome Truths.

London, March 19.—John Murray publishes to-day a sixteen-page pamphlet in the form of a letter from the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, dated Cannes, March 13, to the Duke of Westminster. It furnishes remarkable evidence of Mr. Gladstone's mental activity and interest in the political situation. The letter begins by saying:

"My ambition is for rest and peace alone, but every grain of sand is part of the seashore, and connected, as I have been, for nearly half a century with the Eastern question, I feel that inclination does not suffice to justify silence."

The letter then proceeds to review the events in the East from the beginning of the Armenian massacres, and unsparingly arraigns the powers.

"It is time to speak with freedom. At this moment two great states are under the government of two young men, one wholly without knowledge and experience, in truth limited enough as to have excited astonishment and consternation when an inkling of them was given to the world. These so far as their sentiments are known, are using their power in the concert to fight steadily against freedom. Why are we to have our government pinned to their sprouts.

"Surely it is time to shake off the incubus. Why should not Crete be autonomous, united with Greece? Yet it is unbroken in theory from Turkey as Bosnia and Herzegovina. Greece, by her bold action, has conferred a great service in Europe, and has made it impossible to falter with the question as we have faltered with the bloodstained question of Armenia. She has extricated it from the meshes of diplomacy, and has placed it on the order of the day for a definite solution. I remember no case in which so small a state has rendered so great a benefit."

MAKING READY TO FIGHT.

England Preparing for Trouble in Various Places.

London, March 18.—Secret and rapid preparations are now being made at Woolwich and other military establishments of Great Britain. The chiefs of the various garrisons have been ordered to prepare details from the regiments available for foreign service. A number of large steamers have been chartered by the government, and have been ordered to embark war stores at Woolwich for Malta. Two thousand tons of these stores leave Woolwich to-day.

Trouble is also expected at the Cape of Good Hope. War stores are being rapidly forwarded there by all the Castle line steamers which have been fitted with shot magazines.

PLOT ON FOOT

By Which the Greeks Might Seize the Sultan.

London, March 19.—A special dispatch from Galatz, Roumania, says it is announced there in Greek circles that a plot is being hatched among the Greeks at Constantinople, where there are 30,000 well-armed Greeks living, to revolt against the government. It is added that there are few Turkish troops now at Constantinople, except the sultan's bodyguard and that it would be impossible to hurriedly recall troops from the Greek frontier in the event of a revolt at Constantinople.

TROUBLE IN ARMENIA.

Reports Say That Many Persons Have Been Killed.

Constantinople, March 22.—Reports have been received here of very serious disorders at Tokat, in the Sivas district of Asia Minor. It is said that many Armenians and Turks have been killed. As yet there are no details as to the exact cause of the outbreak. The City of Tokat is on the Yeshil-Irmak River, and has a population of about 60,000. It is in the heart of the old province of Armenia.

PARACHUTE LEAPERS.

Reckless Men and Women Who Foolishly Risk Their Lives.

THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL LEAP.

Out in Illinois, there's a city called Peoria, that is mother to the first man who ever safely dropped from above the clouds by the aid of a parachute.

The man's name is Tom Baldwin, and he still lives in the city of Quincy in his native state. When Baldwin was a boy

in Peoria he used to read about ballooning and the stories of the men who had invented parachutes that were failures and had lost their lives by jumping from high buildings and balloons, believing that their parachutes would lower them gently and safely to mother-earth.

Young Tom noticed that all the parachutes were made like umbrellas, with stiff ribs and a stiff, straight handle. He also read that while these crude parachutes for a short distance performed their purpose and lowered their human freight gently toward the earth, they tipped over before reaching it and dashed the unfortunate inventor to the ground.

Young Baldwin figured and figured, and finally made up his mind that the reason these crude parachutes tipped over was not because the air failed to support them, but because too solid a column of air was formed beneath them, causing them to come to a standstill and dodge sidewise in the effort to obey the law of gravitation. With this theory in mind, young Baldwin invented a parachute made of canvas, like an ordinary sail, but umbrella-shaped, and with a hole in the apex, permitting the column of air to escape and the parachute to descend gently but steadily. With this newfangled parachute Baldwin went to San Francisco, made an ascent in a balloon at Golden Gate, and dropped from his parachute and landed safely in the bay.

Since that day parachute leaping has become a recognized vocation. There is hardly a country fair at which there isn't a balloon ascension and a parachute leaper. A pupil of Baldwin's, named Forsman, has this to say about the dangers of parachuting:

"Rightly conducted and with proper precautions, there is much less risk in a parachute leap than the observer would suppose. The accidents that occur are almost without exception due to carelessness or absolute recklessness on the part of the aeronaut and his assistants. For instance, through utter neglect the parachute is permitted to get into an unsafe condition. Again the jumper is sent up in close proximity to a large body of water, without wearing a life-preserver. The consequence is that a cross current of wind in the upper atmosphere carries him out over the water, and when he drops he is drowned before assistance can reach him. The greatest danger, however, that confronts the parachute leaper, he daily meets in order to save a little trouble. It is this way: an inflated balloon of normal construction will, after the aeronaut has cut his parachute loose, travel miles out into the country before it finally turns over and falls to the groune. This would necessitate a long trip in a wagon out into the country to find the balloon and haul it back. That means time, trouble and money. To avoid all this, the top of the balloon is weighted so that a moment or two after the parachute is cut loose and drops, the balloon turns over and comes falling down after it. A balloon weighs a good many pounds. If it misses the parachute, all right; if its hits the parachute that's the end of the parachute leaper. This is the greatest danger in parachute leaping, and it is one that parachute leapers daily court with an icy nerve that is astounding."

It isn't alone in parachute leaping that men, in order to save a little time, money and trouble, deliberately set traps for their own lives. A man doesn't have to embark in the foolhardy enterprise of dropping from above the clouds in order to hazard his life. Thousands and tens of thousands of men daily court death with all the nonchalance of the parachute leaper. They neglect the little ills of life until they grow into big, death-dealing diseases. When they recognize that a dangerous disease confronts them they do not protect themselves with a life-preserver in the shape of safe and sure remedy. The parachute leaper overweighs the balloon and it crushes him. The average man overworks at his business and it crushes him.

There is a life-preserver, a precaution against disease, within the reach of the thousands of men and women who have over-worked and who feel "run-down." That life-preserver and that precaution is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures bronchitis, asthma, nasal catarrh and throat troubles. It strengthens weak lungs and cures spitting of blood, bleeding from the lungs and lingering coughs. It acts directly on the blood, driving out all impurities and supplying in their place the life-giving properties of the food. Old, inert, half-dead tissues are torn down and excreted, and new, firm, healthy tissues built up in their places. The nerves, which are dependent upon the blood for their nutriment, resume their proper functions, directing the action of all the organs of the body. The brain becomes clear and is no longer befogged by poisonous fumes from impurities in the blood. The "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure all diseases due to lack of proper nutrition. Thousands have testified to its marvelous merits. It is for sale by all good dealers, and there is nothing else "just as good" and an honest dealer won't say there is.

You can secure Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser free by sending stamps to cover mailing. Paper-covered, 21 one-cent stamps; cloth-covered, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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4.	Esther's Lullaby. Slumber song	G. Mosher
6.	Thinking of Home and Mother	A. M. Cohen
8.	Picnic. Waltz song	A. M. Cohen
10.	The Sweetest Song	L. Denza
12.	The Bridge. Words by Longfellow	Carew
14.	An Outcast. Character Song	J. J. Fritz
16.	Ben Bolt, of "Tribby" fame	N. Kneass
19.	'E Dunno Where 'E Are. Comic	F. Eplett
21.	Keep the Horseshoe Over the Door	Sealy
23.	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep	Knight
25.	Lurline. Do You Think of Me Now?	H. M. Estabrooke
27.	Ave Maria (Cavalleria Rusticana)	Mascagni
28.	Amarilla. Ballad	G. May
30.	Mission of a Rose, The. Song	F. H. Cowen
32.	Sweet Long Ago, The	H. M. Estabrooke
34.	By Normandie's Blue Hills	H. Trotere
36.	For the Colors	H. L. Wilson
38.	True to the Last	S. Adams
40.	Love Ever Faithful	P. Buzalcoot
42.	Come When Soft Twilight Falls	Solomon
44.	Beautiful Face of Jennie Knott	Reissmann
46.	That Word Was "Hope"	W. Nutting
48.	Little Boy Blue	H. H. Estabrooke
50.	Easter Eve. Sacred	C. Gounod
52.	Mother's Cry, A	P. Adriance
54.	Musical Dialogue. Duet	E. M. Heinzel
56.	Dreamland Lullaby	L. Weber
58.	When the Roses Are Blooming Again	J. P. Skelly
60.	Old Glory. National air	J. H. Woods
62.	Your Mother's Love for You	K. Koppt
64.	Vicar of Bray, The. Old English song	
66.	For You We Are Praying at Home	H. M. Estabrooke
68.	Lovely Little Nellie Dwyer	C. E. Casey
70.	Dear Heart, We're Growing Old	H. M. Estabrooke
72.	Khaline	H. K. Hess
74.	In Sweet September	H. Tempe
76.	My Home by the Old Mill	J. J. Halloran
78.	Can You, Sweetheart, Keep a Secret	H. M. Estabrooke
80.	See Those Living Pictures	S. C. Foster
82.	My Old Kentucky Home	S. C. Foster
84.	What Are the Wild Waves Saying	Dunn
86.	When Winter Days Have Gone	J. H. Traynor
88.	Shall I Ever See My Mother's Face Again	Adriance
90.	On the Beach	F. C. Robinson
92.	Cow Bells, The	J. E. Grimm

No.	Piano or Organ.	
1.	Catherine Waltzes	D. W. Reth
3.	Schubert's Serenade. Transcription	Fr. Liszt
5.	Silvery Waves. Variations	A. P. Wyman
7.	Visions of Light Waltz	S. G. Cook
9.	Our Little Agnes Waltz	O. M. Gregoire
11.	American Liberty March	S. G. Cook
13.	General Smith's March	J. T. Martin
15.	The Old Oaken Bucket. Variations	C. W. Durkee
17.	Impassioned Dream Waltzes	C. Kohler
18.	Boston Commandery March	T. H. Carter
20.	Frolic of the Frogs Waltz	J. J. Watson
22.	In Blue Signo Vinces. K. T. March	H. M. Dow
24.	Over the Waves Waltzes	J. Rosas
26.	Village Parade Quickstep	T. F. Allen
29.	Sweet Long Ago. Transcription	C. D. Hahn
31.	Song of the Vesper	I. J. Paderewski
33.	Forget-Me-Not Waltzes	Oesten
35.	Flower Waltzes	M. E. Wade
37.	Battle of Waterloo	G. Anderson
39.	Ruth, Esther and Marion Schott	A. Ascher
41.	Over the Waves	G. Asche
43.	Leap Year Schottische	O. Kaun
45.	March Winds Gallop	D. Marshall
47.	Cleveland's Second Term March	W. Nutting
49.	Lorelei. March	W. Nutting
51.	Blue Bird Echo Waltz	M. Mertens
53.	Greeting of Spring	L. Hess
55.	Memorial Day March	F. A. Lewis
57.	Twilight Echo Waltz	Meinhardt
59.	Wedding March	Mendelssohn
61.	Morning at

WASHINGTON.

CHAIRMAN DINGLEY'S SPEECH.

He Explains the Scope and Intent of the Bill.

Washington, March 22.—What will go down to history as the tariff debate of 1897 began in the house at 10 o'clock this morning. Despite the early hour of assembling there was a large attendance on the floor and the galleries showed evidence of the great interest manifested in the proceedings. Mr. Dingley and Mr. Bailey, the opposing leaders, were early in their places. By the terms of the rule under which the house was to operate during the consideration of the bill the house immediately resolved itself into committee of the whole and the speaker conferred upon Mr. Sherman (Rep. N. Y.) the distinguished honor of presiding over the committee.

Those who expected the debate to begin immediately were disappointed. The leaders decided not to dispense with the reading of the bill but to have it read in full at the outset in order to disarm the criticism passed on previous bills that they were put through without even having been read in the house. The spectators in the galleries and the members on the floor waited while the clerk droned through the 163 pages of the bill.

When the reading was concluded Mr. Dingley opened the debate on behalf of the bill.

Dingley's Speech.

Mr. Dingley began by stating that Congress having been convened in extra session, the facts that had led to the issuance of the President's messages were: That the government revenues during the past four years had been insufficient to meet expenditures to the extent of more than $200,000,000, or an average of $50,000,000 per annum; that this deficiency will continue to grow under existing conditions; that the deficiency has been met by borrowing, that is by bond sales, and that this has promoted distrust, intensified and prolonged the run on the treasury and weakened business confidence.

This deficiency of revenue, said Mr. Dingley, has nearly all arisen from a falling off of revenue from duties on imports —and not from a decline of revenue from internal taxes.

It is a condition and not a theory which confronts us. Our problem is to provide adequate revenue from duties on imports to carry on the government and imposing duties to secure this result so to adjust them as to to secure to our own people the production and manufacture of such articles as we can produce or make for ourselves without natural disadvantage, and thus provide more abundant opportunities for our labor. No economic policy will prove a success unless it shall in some manner contribute to opening up employment to the masses of our people at good wages. When this shall be accomplished and thus the purchasing power of the masses restored, then—and not until then—will prices cease to feel the depressing effect of under consumption, and the prosperity of our people rise to the standard of 1892.

Gigantic Kindergarten.

The past four years have been enlightening, especially to candid investigators of economic problems. We have been attending a kindergarten on a gigantic scale. The tuition has come high, but no people ever learned so much in so brief a time. Hereafter theories, preached in however captivating language, will have to give way to the teachings of experience.

It has been the favorite assumption of some theorists that revenue and protection in the same tariff schedule are impossible. But we have had in the past seven years, in the contrasted working of protective wool and woolen schedule of the tariff of 1894, a most striking demonstration otherwise.

Mr. Dingley then gave some statistics relative to the importations and tariff on woolens, and said that by placing wool on the free list the treasury lost $21,000,000 revenue and the farmers $30,000,000 per year, and that this country had not been able to increase its exports of manufactures of wool. It had been claimed, he went on, that the price of clothing had been reduced, but this was only in appearance, because people had been deprived of work and wages and found it harder to buy clothing than before. The new schedule would aid the wool grower, increase manufactures and ultimately increase the revenue.

Sugar Tariffs.

Speaking of the sugar schedule Mr. Dingley said it would increase the revenue and encourage sugar production in this country. He explained the sugar schedule in the following statement:

The duty on sugar proposed is specific according to polariscopic test of the degree of saccharine matter, commencing at 1 per cent per pound for sugar polarizing not more than 75 degrees, and increasing the duty three one-hundredths of one cent for each additional degree. This would make the duty on raw sugar (100 degrees) 1¾ cents.

To this is added one-eight of one cent for such sugar above No. 16 Dutch standard in color (refined sugar), making the duty one cent and eighty-seven and a half hundredths. This eighth, with whatever may be added by the countervailing duty on all sugar imported from export bounty paying countries, is the protection which, it is believed, will maintain the refining industry here, notwithstanding the present differential of one-eighth and a 40 per cent all-round duty, is double that proposed. This will be the only differential between raw and refined sugar, because if the refiner uses sugar of less saccharine strength than 100, as he must, it requires proportionally more of such sugar to make a pound of refined sugar.

Continuing, Mr. Dingley said that the increase of flax and hemp was made both in the interest of revenue and because there was a great promise of home production. As to other increases of duties in the bill to McKinley rates, Mr. Dingley said:

McKinley Figures.

"For the most part otherwise the increase of duties in the pending bill to the figures of the tariff of 1890 have been in the schedules or paragraphs covering luxuries like tobacco, liquors, silks, laces, etc., which, being articles of voluntary consumption, are always regarded as objects which will bear the highest duties. The exceptions are the earthenware and glass schedule and the agricultural schedule, on which the duties have been placed the same as in the act of 1890, because no other rate seemed to be protective."

Mr. Dingley then briefly touched upon some schedules which had not been materially changed from the present law. These included iron and steel and cotton.

"In all other schedules," continued Mr. Dingley, "the rates proposed in the pending bill are between the rates of the tariff of 1890, and the present law.

"There have been transferred from the free list of the tariff of 1894 to the dutiable list of the proposed bill, not only wool, lumber, salt, burlaps, bags, cotton bagging and cotton ties, which never should have been made non-dutiable, but also argols, crude opium, asphaltum, chicle, paintings and statuary, except when imported for free exhibition by an established institution; straw ornaments, etc., which under existing conditions, ought to contribute something towards the much needed additional revenue.

So far as possible the aim has been to avoid exclusively ad valorem duties on articles which have been notoriously under-valued and thus failed to pay the duties intended—a loss of revenue which has been more serious than ever under the present tariff in which outside of the metal and cotton schedule almost exclusively ad valorem rates prevail. The better class of importers have united with manufacturers and administrators of the law in asking for this law."

Mr. Dingley next discussed at length the ad valorem and specific systems and presented figures showing the disadvantageously the ad valorem system worked.

Probable Revenue.

He then presented the estimates of the probable revenue that would be raised by the bill, which were given in his report, with the supplemental statement that the second year the bill would yield $100,000,000 increased revenue.

In closing, Mr. Dingley said: "It must be obvious from any point of view that prompt action by the two houses of Congress is indispensable to secure the revenue which the pending bill is intended to yield. The exigency is an unusual one. The people, without regard to party affiliations, are asking for action. Business awaits our final decision. With this great question of adequate revenue to carry on the government settled favorably by such an adjustment of duties as will restore to our own people what has been surrendered to others during the past four years with restored confidence in the future, there is reason to believe that gradually and surely there will come back to us the great prosperity of living English statisticians so strikingly eulogized when he said in 1892 that 'it would be impossible to find in history any parallel to the progress of the United States in the (then) last ten years.'"

When he had concluded Gen. Wheeler, of Alabama, the old cavalry leader of the Confederacy, opened for the opposition. Mr. Wheeler began with the statement that the bill had been secretly prepared by the eleven Republican members of the committee on ways and means, and framed almost in the language of the petitions presented by the protected interests. Since the star chamber measure came to light last Monday, he said, the conservative press of the country had denounced it in unmeasured terms. The bill increased the duty on many articles far above the McKinley rates and in some instances exceeded them by from 50 to 100 per cent. Nearly every paragraph was changed from the ad valorem rates under the Wilson bill to either the specific or compound rates, the effect of which was to increase enormously the duty upon cheaper articles that are purchased by those who work and lessen the tariff upon the expensive articles that are purchased only by the rich.

Mr. Wheeler spoke over an hour, being followed by Mr. Hopkins (Rep., ill.), who announced that the mission of the Republican party again placed in power was to restore prosperity and give employment to labor. The tariff bill prepared for that purpose, he said, would meet alike the wants of the government and the people. He said that until he had listened to Mr. Wheeler's remarks he did not believe any Democrat still clung to the old idea, decayed and obsolete, but he was now convinced that a genuine Bourbon Democrat never seldom forgot any error he had learned and never learned anything new. He paralleled the prosperity the country enjoyed under the McKinley law with the distress produced by the Wilson tariff.

Not a single industry, he declared, had prospered under the present tariff law, unless the soup houses established during the panic of 1893 could be called an industry.

He gave figures to show how manufacturing and farming interests had suffered. The value of live stock for instance, he asserted, had decreased throughout the late Democratic administration had decreased at the rate of half a million dollars a day. The chief glory of the bill, he predicted, would prove to be its reciprocity features. The reciprocity scheme of the act of 1890 had been amended so as to meet commercial conditions in Germany, France, Belgium and other European countries. In conclusion, Mr. Hopkins prophesied that an era of prosperity would begin sixty days after the enactment of the bill.

APPOINTMENTS.

President McKinley Deals Out a Few More Nice Offices.

Washington, March 18.—The President to-day sent to the Senate the following nominations:

State—Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Mexico.

William M. Osborne, of Massachusetts, as consul general of the United States to London.

John K. Gowdy, of Indiana, as consul general at Paris.

Joseph H. Brigham, of Ohio, to be assistant secretary of agriculture.

Perry S. Heath, of Indiana, to be first assistant postmaster general.

War—Capt. Charles Whaler, ordnance department, to be major.

Henry L. Marindin (an assistant in United States coast and geodetic survey), to be a member of the Mississippi River commission.

Interior—Sylvester Peterson, of Minnesota, to be register of the land office at Crookston, Minn.

Washington, March 20.—The President sent to the Senate yesterday afternoon the following nominations:

Justice—Willis VanDevanter, of Wyoming, to be assistant attorney general, vice Isaac H. Leonberger resigned.

Samuel S. Kercheval, of Indiana, to be marshal of the United States district of Indiana.

Albert W. Wishard, of Indiana, to be attorney of the United States for the district of Indiana.

The Senate has confirmed the following nominations:

Postmaster—Charles U. Gordon, to be postmaster at Chicago.

Justice—Samuel E. Kercheval, of Indiana, to be marshal for the district of Indiana; Albert Wishard, of Indiana, to be attorney of the United States for the district of Indiana; also Perry S. Heath, of Indiana, to be first assistant postmaster general; also some minor appointments in the marine hospital service.

Washington, March 22.—The President to-day sent the following nominations to the senate:

State—Joseph L. Bristow, of Kansas, to be fourth assistant postmaster general.

Interior—Binger Hermann, of Oregon, to be commissioner of the general land office.

Justice—James D. Elliott, of South Dakota, to be attorney of the United States for the district of South Dakota.

Treasury—Ernest G. Timme, of Wisconsin, to be auditor for the state and other departments. (fifth auditor).

Navy—Commodore John Miller, to be rear admiral.

THIS WEEK IN CONGRESS.

According to Programme It Will Be Busy.

Washington, March 22.—The programme of tariff debate, which opened in the House to-day is simple but arduous. The house will sit from 10 o'clock in the morning until 11 o'clock at night, with a recess at 5 until 8 each day for dinner. The general debate will close Thursday night. Beginning Friday the bill will be read for amendments under the five-minute rule until 3 o'clock Wednesday March 31, when the bill and pending amendments will be voted on. The committee on ways and means, by the terms of the special order under which the house will operate, will have the right of way in the matter of amendments, and such amendments at any time can supersede amendments of individual members a provision made to give the committee the fullest power to perfect their bill.

The senate will devote the major portion of the week to the consideration of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty. If the appropriation bills, which have passed the house as they were agreed upon at the last session be reported to the senate, they will probably receive prompt attention.

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Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.
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MAJOR CHARLES DICK

Installed in His New Position at the Capital.

Washington, March 23.—Maj. Charles F. Dick, formerly confidential secretary of Senator Mark Hanna in his political office in Cleveland after the election, and prior to that an attache of the national headquarters in Chicago, arrived in Washington to-day to take up the work of secretary of the Republican National committee here, which will be laid down by Cousin William McKinley Osborne, who is even now making preparations to

MAJOR CHARLES F. DICK.

leave for the new post to which he has been appointed, Consul General at London.

Maj. Dick has been in Washington a greater part of the time since the inauguration, only returning to his home in Akron, O., last week. It is said that Mr. Hanna has been for some time very anxious to get him located in the place which it has now been determined he should have, because he relies very much upon this young lieutenant of his to arrange matters so that his campaign for the Ohio senatorship, to succeed himself, will be made as early as possible.

Before Mr. Hanna had secured what the police call "a lead pipe cinch" upon Senator Sherman's seat, and while it looked to many as if he would have to wait two years and take his chances before the legislature with other candidates, Mr. Dick was spoken of as the next fourth assistant postmaster general, the place which has now been given to J. W. Bristow, of Kansas. The change in Gov. Bushnell's attitude brought about a pleasant change for Maj. Dick, as he will now get $5,000 a year, considerable more than the salary of an assistant postmaster.

APPOINTING POSTMASTERS.

New Administration Will Adhere to Old Customs.

Washington, March 22.—Postmaster General Gary will continue the old policy as to distributing the postoffices. He announced to-day that he would not deviate from the practice followed by past administrations. This as a general rule gives to every senator the privilege of recommending a postmaster for his home postoffice and allots to each Republican senator the largest postoffices in his district, which, however, in the case of a senator not of the Republican faith, will go to the Republican committee or other referee. With these exceptions the Republican representatives usually are permitted to name the postmasters for their respective districts.

In Democratic districts the selection is left to a referee or perhaps to a Republican senator. The congressional delegations will have to keep themselves posted as to the dates of expiration of terms of postmasters, as the old custom of the department of sending notice to senators and representatives of expirations of postmasters' commissions, which was stopped by Postmaster General Bissell, will not be resumed.

FREE HOMESTEADS.

Bill Favorably Acted Upon by Senate Committee.

Washington, March 20.—The Senate committee on Indian affairs after some opposition on the part of Senator Platt, of Connecticut, ordered the free homestead bill to be favorably reported. The bill is practically the same measure which passed the Senate at last session, and which failed in the House because of the amendments made in the Senate. The bill as it passed the House applied only to Oklahoma, but the Senate amendments made it of general application.

The refusal of the House to consider the bill as amended caused some feeling on the part of its friends in the Senate, and it is intimated that this feeling may find expression in the Senate when the tariff bill is taken up in that body.

The purpose of the bill is to permit the acquisition of free homes under the homestead law on the lands owned by Indians just as on any other part of the public domain. Senator Platt opposed the bill on the ground that it will cost the national Treasury several million dollars.

The committee also considered favorably the bill providing for the taxation of land awarded to Indians in several y.

THE ARBITRATION TREATY.

Senator Strikes Out the Provision Relating to King Oscar.

Washington, March 23.—The Anglo-American arbitration treaty was advanced considerably towards final ratification by the senate yesterday, and before the long executive session closed all the amendments recommended by the committee on foreign relations were agreed to without division. These amendments are:

1.—To provide that all agreements for arbitration entered into by the executive branch of this government with the British government, shall be subject to the ratification of the senate.

2.—Striking out the provision constituting members of the United States supreme court permanent members of the proposed tribunal of arbitration, and

3.—Eliminating the provision for an umpire, and therefore, striking out the provision agreeing upon King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, for this office.

Appointments Confirmed.

Washington, March 23.—Among the appointments confirmed by the senate yesterday were the following: Jos. H. Brigham, of Ohio, to be assistant secretary of agriculture; Sylvester Peterson, of Ada, Minn., to be register of the land office at Crookston, Minn.; Major H. H. C. Dunwoody, to be lieutenant-colonel signal corps; Commander C. V. Gridley, to be a captain in the navy; also some minor naval promotions.

Also H. L. Marindin, an assistant in the United States coast survey, to be a member of the Mississippi river commission.

The Senate has confirmed the following nominations: John Hay, of the District of Columbia, to be ambassador of the United States to Great Britain; Horace Porter, of New York, to be ambassador of the United States to France Henry White, of Rhode Island, to be secretary of the embassy of the United States to Great Britain.

Washington, March 22.—The Senate in executive session, has confirmed Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, to be minister to Mexico; W. M. Osborne, of Massachusetts, to be consul general at London; J. K. Gowdy, of Indiana, to be consul general at Paris.

THE ENTRY MUST STAND,

And the Settler Must Accept the Deficiency.

Washington, March 19.—The issue as to an entry of a quarter section of public land containing less than the prescribed 160 acres, under the act of May 2, 1890, is said to be raised for the first time in an Enid, Okla., land case just decided. Secretary Bliss says that as quarter section entries containing more than 160 acres, have been allowed to stand simply because the quarter section conforms to legal subdivisions, it would seem that where the deficiency is shown to be small, the rule should work both ways. This is emphasized by a legal provision that a settler entering less than one-quarter section may enter other land lying contiguous thereto, the whole not to exceed an aggregate 160 acres. It is held, however, that where the deficiency is very small, an application for additional land would not be considered.

LOWER RIVER NOT SO FIERCE.

But There is Still Plenty of Water in the North and West.

Memphis, Tenn., March 22.—Last night, for the first time in many weeks, the Mississippi river was reported falling at Memphis. Several breaks in the levee are known to have occurred between Osceola, Ark., and Memphis, and the fall of the river here is attributed to these crevasses. The break at Sans Souci is widening and the rush of the water through the opening can be heard for miles. Three additional breaks, all near Sans Souci, are reported and the sufferings of the people in Eastern Arkansas will surely be greatly intensified.

Over in Arkansas the town of Marion is in bad condition. All the houses are surrounded by water. There are many breaks in the levee, at least many places where the water is running over the levee like a mill race. At these places the current is exceedingly rapid and the waves roll and dash eight and ten feet high.

Memphis, Tenn., March 22.—To day the flood situation may be compared or likened unto as the "calm before the storm," because the Mississippi registered a fall of 0.1 in 24 hours, which is taken to mean heavy breaks in the levees above foretelling awful calamity to the country south of here. The government gauge taken at 10 o'clock shows a depth of 37 feet. Southward no levee breaks further than already recorded in these despatches are reported.

From Memphis the work of relieving humanity continues each hour swelling the relief fund. Governor Jones' of Arkansas cold message, denying any knowledge of suffering, is denied by the Memphis press in terms calculated to make that official reply or recall the words used.

There is some talk here and in points in Arkansas of mass meetings denouncing the chief executive's action.

Relief boats continue to ply between this point and the immediate overflowed districts, landing at each trip several hundred of the homeless.

Fair weather is predicted for this section.

Yankton, S. D., March 22.—The whole Northwest is waterbound and the railroads are all in bad shape. Of the three roads which run in here, the only one having connection with the Eastern traffic is the Milwaukee, and it is compelled to use transfer boats at Vermillion and Sioux City. After the waters subsides it is estimated it will take ten days to replace bridges.

Waters Subsiding.

Milwaukee, March 22.—Reports received from all portions of the state show that the floods have subsided at all points except in the Milwaukee river just north of this city. In the latter river, the water is still running at a high rate. Estimates of the losses in the state range all the way from $200,000 to $300,000.

OUTLOOK IS ENCOURAGING.

Mississippi Shows a Decline at Memphis.

Memphis, Tenn., March 23.—Authentic information comes at 10 o'clock to-day that the reported break at Australia, Miss., was an error. A telegram from the scene says the levee can be held intact for several days. This is the most encouraging news of the week, because of the great importance of the levee at this point.

Last night there was a heavy rainfall which seemed to be entirely local resulting in no damage. The river at this point shows a decline of 0.1 in 24 hours, which taken with to-day's bright sunshine makes the outlook very encouraging.

The relief boats have ceased running, but there are three thousand homeless people on Chickasaw Bluffs for which outside aid is asked.

Two negroes are reported to have been drowned to-day at Horn Lake, a few miles south of this city.

The fact that the rise continues at Cairo and other points not affected by the Caruthersville break is sufficient basis for the conclusion that the present slight drop here is not indicative that the beginning of the end of the flood is at hand.

At Cairo, Helena, Arkansas City, Greenville and Vicksburg there has been a steady rise since Saturday morning and at all these points the river is far above the danger line.

At points below Vicksburg the rise continues slowly and steadily. The outlook both as to the condition of the country and the refugees remains about the same. The relief boats bring in daily their loads of destitute people to be housed, cared for and fed by Memphis people.

It has been found necessary to telegraph to the secretary of war asking for enough tents to accommodate 2,000 people. If Secretary Alger acceeds to the request, and there is reason to believe that he will, the situation will be greatly relieved. The number of refugees has increased so greatly that the relief committee find themselves unable to find suitable quarters.

Mayor Clapp has received a telegram from Secretary of War Alger saying: "Have telegraphed quartermaster at St. Louis to ship you all flood sufferers' tents with poles and pins on hand."

RAISING AID.

Governor of Arkansas Called Upon to Explain.

Little Rock, Ark., March 23.—At a mass meeting yesterday at the Board of Trade, the course of Governor Jones in refusing state aid to flood sufferers was severely arraigned by Thomas H. Jones, a prominent merchant, who pronounced it a shame and an outrage.

Governor Jones explained that the legislature had adjourned without making any appropriations to run the state government. The governor said Jones should have known this that his remark from an outsider might be excusable, but from a citizen they were not only shameful and an outrage, but contemptible and as governor he denounced them.

The meeting raised about $1,000 for aid of the victims of the flood. The meeting resolved to care for all victims on the Arkansas side.

WILL USE CONVICTS

To Aid in the Work of Protecting Levees.

Jackson, Miss., March 23.—At a meeting of the penitentiary board of control late yesterday afternoon it was decided to send all the available convicts to protect the levees in Mississippi. In this connection 50 men were ordered from Rankin county, 25 from Belmont and 40 from Sharkey. All the men are to be sent from Cohom county on special trains.

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When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Postoffice address.
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Is the only safe and perfectly harmless remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures Headache, whether sick or nervous; Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Weakness in the Back, Spine or Kidneys, Pains around the Liver, Pleurisy, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Bruises and Pains of all kinds. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Sold by Druggists all the world over.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

Dealt Out by a Terrible Southern Cyclone.

New Orleans, La., March 23.—The Times Democrat's Eufala, La., special says: This city was swept by a cyclone yesterday in which death and disaster played a dreadful part. Hourly the record becomes more thrilling. For several days there has been summer mildness all through Southwest Georgia and Southeast Alabama, and Sunday the thermometer went up to 80, and the air was oppressive. With the coming of night rain began to fall copiously. Toward morning the sun peeped forth as if there was to be a repetition of the day. This was but for an hour, when the leaden skies and increasing wind told of a storm which came along with terrific force. Men were almost caught up from the streets before they could find shelter. Roofs, shutters, etc., gave way, and for two hours there was terror and desolation, when the cyclone passed off to the northwest, coursing along the Chattahoochie valley. The town of Blakely, Ga., was almost lifted out of existence, and people seeking refuge indoors were as badly knocked around by cracking and falling timbers as were those on the outside who were unable to dodge fence rails and other flying missiles.

The most shocking story of all, however, was that which came from Arlington, Ga. It was about 8 o'clock when the pupils of Arlington Academy began to assemble. There were about 50 present when Prof. Covington, noticing the storm coming, called them in for shelter. On came the storm, lifting two cabins across the way into mid-air, wrenching them into splinters as a man would a handful of rotten wood. Suddenly, with a crackling noise, the academy shutters and swinging doors were wrenched from their hinges. Then came a twisting and careening and the central portion gave way, falling with deadly effect upon a group of children who were clinging to the professors. The doors and windows gone, the storm had full sway within, fragments of timbers flying in the air and children thrown helplessly against them, being caught up and dashed against the wrecked walls.

While all this was going on the people of the town, regardless of the wrecking of their own homes ran to the school, where they knew their children were, only to find many of the dead, others wounded and pinioned beneath the debris. Prof. Walker had his arms and legs broken and cannot live.

Eight children were killed outright and more than twenty badly injured.

Along the banks of the Chattahoochie river from Appalachicola there is but one story of death and destruction. The storm came from the Gulf of Mexico. The Appalachicola is formed by the conjunction of the Chattahoochie and the Flint, the first of which up to West Point, forms the state boundary line between Georgia and Alabama, and the second diverges northeasterly into the heart of Georgia. It was in the tongue of the territory within this circumference that the force was spent and most of it is inaccessible to telegraph communication and details are hard to obtain.

From Henry county, Alabama, around Abbeville, there comes stories of death and wreck, but no names have been received. A family of five are reported killed near Geneva. A second disaster, that of floods, is now upon the county. The rivers are on a rise, swelling with the rainfall which almost resembles a cloudburst in its copiousness. On both sides of the Chattahoochie south of this place, the fields are overflowed, destroying all the winter work of preparation, carrying away outhouses and floating off stock so that it can never be recovered.

News comes in of the drowning of a family of eight persons on the Alabama side of the river in Henry county. Richard Mans, with his wife and six children, lived in a cabin on the river bank at the crossing of the Central railroad from Columbia. The water rushed in, surrounding the cabin. In vain efforts to extricate themselves all were lost.

GALVESTON IS PROUD.

First Shipment of Cattle Direct From Texas to Europe.

Galveston, Tex., March 22.—The much-talked-of direct cattle-trade between Galveston and Liverpool was inaugurated to-day with the departure of the steamship Cuban loaded with 500 animals. The rate is slightly higher than from New York, but it is claimed that there will be less shrinkage in weight than is involved in the transportation of cattle by rail from Texas to New York city, and that consequently the cattle will bring better prices.

The enterprise is promoted by Boston capitalists, who believe that Galveston can export one hundred thousand cattle annually, and that there should be enough business in cattle and dressed beef from Kansas City to maintain a regular line of steamers between Galveston and European ports. Chicago cattlemen, however, who have been looking over the ground here do not believe that the export trade from the Gulf will reach sufficient dimensions to hurt the New York shippers, upon the ground that the average of Kansas cattle are not up to the export standard.

STILL MISSING.

Fruitless Search for the Remains of Gen. Fullerton.

Oakland, Md., March 22.—The search for the body of Gen. Joseph S. Fullerton, of St. Louis, who was killed in the railway accident on Saturday, was resumed this morning at daybreak. The searching party was reinforced by a party of ten expert river men from Baltimore, employed by the Baltimore & Ohio company. This makes about 150 men engaged in the work. The Pullman car in which Gen. Fullerton met his death, and under which his body is thought to be lying, was removed from the river, but up to mid-night nothing of the remains have been found.

IN RHODE ISLAND.

Republicans Nominate an Excellent State Ticket.

Providence, R. I., March 17.—The Republican state convention held here yesterday made the following nominations: For governor, Elisha Dyer, Providence; lieutenant governor, Aram J. Pothier, of Woonsocket; secretary of state, Chas. P. Bennett, of Providence; attorney general, Willard B. Tanner, of Providence; general treasurer, Samuel Clark, of Lincoln.

DISEASE-INFECTED CATS.

Physicians Say Laryngitis, Croup and Diphtheria Follow.

South Bend, Ind., March 18.—The physician who has made an examination of disease-infected felines reports that quite a number of cases akin to laryngitis croup and diphtheria, that are contagious, may be caught by human beings. In acute cases the cats cannot eat or drink, and sometimes use closed jaws, besides showing other evidences of diphtheria. The discovery will lead to a wholesale extermination of felines.

Silver Exports Will Increase.

New York, March 22.—Important Wall street banking houses believe that silver exports will materially increase from this on. It is said that a London order for the white metal was received here within the last few days much bigger than has been usual.

Every man should read the offer of Thos. Slater on page 5 of this paper.

FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

Washington, March 19.—The session of the senate yesterday was brief and uneventful. A large number of bills were introduced and the first report of the session was received.

It was presented by M. Gear of Iowa, from the committee on Pacific railroads and was favorable to the bill for the adjustment of the Pacific railroad matter by a committee consisting of the secretary of the treasury, secretary of the interior and the attorney General. After considerable discussion, the bill went to the calendar.

House—The house was in session yesterday for only 15 minutes and that time was consumed in reading of the journal. The galleries were filled in anticipation of the opening of the tariff debate, but Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, announced that the ways and means committee would not be able to report until to-day, and accordingly, on his motion, the house adjourned.

Washington, March 20.—The senate open session lasted fifty minutes yesterday, and was given almost entirely to the introduction of bills. Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, presented a petition from J. Edward Addicks, of Delaware, claiming the seat now occupied by Mr. Kenny.

Most of the day was spent in executive session, discusssing the arbitration treaty.

Yesterday was a stormy day in the house of representatives. The Republican leaders before adjournment had secured the adoption of a special order fixing the limits of the tariff debate, and two of the regular appropriation bills which failed to become laws at the last session had been passed and sent to the senate. The other two bills will be passed today.

At times partisan feeling ran high, and the hall echoed to the cheers of the major party of the opposition as their respective spokesmen made effective points. There were several squabbles among the Democratic leaders which afforded much amusement to the majority.

Washington, March 23.—The first day of the tariff debate in the House was rather tame from both a parliamentary and oratorical standpoint. The opening of the debate was delayed over two hours by the full reading of the bill of 162 pages, and this, to begin with, had a somewhat depressing influence. Only four speeches were made at the day session. Mr. Dingley, chairman of the ways and means committee, opened in an hour's speech, and Mr. Wheeler, of Virginia, fired the broadside for the opposition. Mr. Bailey, leader of the opposition, had decided to close the debate and Mr. McMillin, of Tennessee, had been selected to reply to Mr. Dingley, but at the last moment it was learned that Mr. McMillin would be unable to prepare himself, owing to the illness of his wife. The task, therefore, devolved on Mr. Wheeler. The latter was unprepared, but nevertheless took the floor for an hour. Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, a member of the ways and means committee, also spoke.

Senate—The Senate yesterday agreed to a resolution requesting the President for information relative to the imprisonment and death of Julio Chinal. Beyond this, the brief session, lasting but forty minutes, was devoted to the presentation of bills and reports.

Among the bills introduced were those by Mr. Hanna, of Ohio, for a public building at Cleveland, O. The introduction of Mr. Hanna's bill was the first business he had brought before the Senate.

The executive session in the afternoon was devoted to the arbitration treaty and the amendments recommended by the committee were agreed to.

KINETOSCOPE PRIZE FIGHTS

May Be Barred Out of the State of Illinois.

Springfield, Ill., March 19.—Representative W. O. Lamonte, of Chicago, to-day introduced a bill in the legislature with an emergency clause attached, which will prohibit, if it becomes a law, the reproduction of pictures of the prize-fights, and fixes a severe penalty for violating it. Mr. Lamonte had had in mind such a measure ever since it was announced by the press that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight would be reproduced in this manner. During the last three or four days he has received a large number of letters from business men and fathers advocating the passage of such a bill.

The bill makes it unlawful for any person, persons or corporation to exhibit in this state by means of the biograph, kinetoscope, or any kindred device or machine, any picture of any prize fight, glove contest or other match between men or animals that is prohibited by the criminal code of this state.

It provides a fine of not less than $50 nor more than $100 for each offense, and imprisonment in the county jail or workhouse not to exceed thirty days. Also a fine of from $5 to $25 for any person attending such an exhibition.

Evans Accepts.

Washington, March 19.—A letter was received yesterday from Hon. H. Clay Evans, of Tennessee, announcing formally his acceptance of the appointment of commissioner of pensions. It was expected that he would indicate his acceptance of the appointment, and his nomination, too, will very soon be sent to the Senate.

Markets and Crops.

TRADE GETTING BETTER.

Each Week Sees a Decided Improvement in Business.

New York, March 20.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

Though steadily increasing, business is still much below its volume in former former years of prosperity, and many express disappointment. Yet there is some gain every week with more labor at work and more mills in operation, and the sure result large purchases for consumption can not be long delayed. In some branches it is felt already. There is larger distribution of finished products and the demand for commercial loans has sharply increased and especially in dry goods and in iron and steel branches. The progress of the iron and steel industry is hindered by uncertainty regarding the cost of lake ore for the coming year, though the repeated adjournment of producers' meetings is interpreted as evidence that an agreement will be ultimately reached. It is reported that Norrie ore at $2.75 will be taken as the basis, which would imply about $2.35 for Mesabic ores, but until the question has been settled many important transactions are deferred. While there is no great activity in finished products, the demand steadily increased.

While manufacturers of cotton goods are looking forward with much confidence the demand is not equal to expectations, nor has the curtailment in production of print cloths accomplished the desired change in condition. The buying of wool, mainly of a speculative character, in expectations of new duties, continues remarkably large. Sales at the three chief markets for the past week were 10,891,300 pounds and for three weeks have been 28,795,800 pounds, of which 16,628,200 were domestic, whereas the largest transactions in any previous year at this season were 17,105,876 pounds in the corresponding weeks of 1892, of which 11,886,626 were domestic. No great increase has yet appeared in the demand for goods, although a few more mills have found enough orders to start, perhaps in part anticipating future demand. The expectation of new duties does not yet influence the goods markets as might be expected.

The demand for wheat has given much help to speculation. Atlantic exports have been only 1,293,830 bushels against 1,160,335 flour included, for the corresponding week last year, while Western receipts have been only 1,398,346 bushels, against 2,416,089 bushels last year. Accounts regarding the coming crop have been less favorable this week and the price has advanced 1⅝c. The exports of corn continue heavy, 4,543,705 bushels for the week, and quotations advanced ¾c. The cotton market has also been almost lifeless, and while the price has gained a small fraction the narrowness of the demand here and abroad has its influence. Reports about the coming crops are interesting, as usual, to speculators.

Failures for the week have been 216 in the United States, against 261 last year, and 50 in Canada, against 49 last year.

BY THE SNOW.

Seventy-Five Per Cent of the Cattle Destroyed.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 17.—Specials to the Journal from Mandan and Dickinson, N. D., state that it is believed generally among cattle men that 75 per cent of range animals have already succumbed to the winter, the Chinook of yesterday coming too late to save them. It is impossible to travel over the range and no exact figures can be had. Bad Lands ranges which have been overcrowded the past few years will have but few cattle this season. It is stated that Pierre Wilbaux, the big cattle man of Wilbaux, Mont., and Dakota, puts his losses at $1,000,000. Last fall he put 250,000 young cattle on the ranges and all are dead.

Indiana Wheat.

Indianapolis, March 18.—Reports from all sections of the state to the bureau of statistics and state board of agriculture agree that the wheat crop will be from 25 to 30 per cent. short of the average for normal years, assuming that it passes through the present month without further damage.

The loss will be greatest in Southern Indiana, where there was little snow, and the absence of which left the roots exposed to the coldest weather of the winter. In many counties in this section the loss will reach 50 per cent., and some may be in excess of that figure.

During most of the severe weather the ground in Central and Northern Indiana was covered with snow and the prospects for an average crop are good, but the loss in southern sections will greatly reduce the general average.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., March 23, 1897.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	March 23.	March 16.
U. S. 4's (new) coupons	123	123¼
U. S. 4's (new) registered	123	123¼
U. S. 5's coupons	113¾	114
U. S. 5's registered	113¾	114
U. S. 4's coupons	113	113
U. S. 4's registered	111	111
U. S. 2's registered	95½	95½
Pacific 6's of '98	103¾	103½

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

Wheat started in at a decline of about ¾c this morning, the factor being lower cables, but crop damage reports soon caused a better feeling. The decrease in the world's visible also helped prices. Prices held fairly well, and in the latter part of the sessions shorts covered, causing a fairly firm close. There was a pretty fair trade in the aggregate.

Bradstreet's says: Thirty-three reports from grain dealers within a radius of 50 miles of Quincy average 23½ per cent of a good crop. Some say total failure. A milling concern in Steuben county, Indiana, southwest of Toledo, writes Temple of ton: "In face of almost total destruction of our growing crop we are at a loss to know what to do. In all our experience in this country we have never seen growing crop look badly."

Prices of wheat to-day:

May.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	94½	95¾	94½	95¾
Chicago	72¾	73¾	72¾	73¾
New York	78¾	79¾	78¾	79¾
St. Louis	80	80	80	80

At Chicago cash wheat was worth 72¾c. July 73c, 74c; corn, then 72¾c asked.

Liverpool closing: Spot wheat, steady to 1d lower; futures, 1½d lower. Spot corn, ½d lower; futures, ¼@½d lower.

Pork for May at Chicago, $8.62; close, $8.75.

Oats for May at Chicago, 17½@17¾c; close, 17¾c.

Estimated receipts for to-morrow at Chicago: Wheat, cars, 15; corn, 140; oats, 110.

Primary receipts to-day: Wheat, 290,000 bu., same day last year, 442,000 bu.; shipments, 180,000 bu.; same time last year, 230,000 bu. Receipts of corn, 315,000 bu., same time last year